The Nation

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The Week

The ratification of the income-tax amendment by the requisite three-fourths of the States puts an end to the notion that the Constitution of the United States is virtually unamendable. Even the circumstance that it has taken four years to obtain that ratification loses most of whatever significance it might otherwise have had, when we recall that a leading factor in bringing about this delay was the objection raised by Gov. Hughes—an objection having no relation to the actual purpose of the amendment, but based on the fear of serious and unintended consequences which, in Mr. Hughes's judgment, might flow from the particular wording of the amendment as passed by Congress. The amendment providing for popular election of Senators is having a much smoother course through the State Legislatures, and will in all probability become part of the Constitution in the very near future.

No doubt the Democratic Congress will promptly make use of the new Constitutional power. It is to be hoped that in doing so it will exercise the degree of judgment and wisdom that so important a measure calls for. The question of the point at which exemption ceases will be more critical, perhaps, than any other; and along with this will go the question of discriminating rates for great incomes, or for incomes from investments as distinguished from incomes from personal effort. All these things are deserving of the most careful and sincere thought that the leaders in Congress, and the incoming President, can give to them. Another aspect of the matter, which concerns less the tax itself than the general fiscal policy as affected by the tax, is the question how burdens in other directions may be reduced in consequence of the addition to the national revenue which the income tax will provide. It will be a great thing for the Democratic party if it shall be able to point to distinct achievement in this direction, of sufficient magnitude to be a real relief to the public.

If fifteen judicial nominations by the President now awaiting ratification by the Senate should be confirmed, Mr. Taft will have appointed 114 Federal judges during his Administration, or almost exactly three-fifths of the entire Federal bench, including five members of the Supreme Court. At the time of Mr. Taft's candidacy much stress was laid upon the opportunity that confronted the incoming President to shape the history of the immediate future by the character of his judicial appointments. Mr. Taft is said to regard his appointments to the Supreme Court as among the most important achievements of his Administration. Yet the tendency four years ago was to assume too readily that, by the mere act of designating certain men to be judges, the President could determine the character and spirit of the courts for some time to come. The conception was almost of a clock-work Supreme Court that had only to be set in motion to keep on ticking at a predestined pace. Actually, our entire judicial procedure to-day is patently shaping itself under the influence of no particular man, but of the times. Had Mr. Roosevelt appointed five judges to the Supreme Court during the last four years, we doubt if the court's record would have been appreciably different from what it is.

Monday's decision of the United States Supreme Court, in the Government suit against the United Shoe Machinery Company, upholds the lower court's decision in favor of the company. It is not in all respects final, because the contention of illegality in the company's requirement that manufacturers using its machines shall use those of no other makers was not before the court. But the court has taken occasion, in its opinion on the other questions actually before it, to lay down some important principles. In particular, it expresses its mind on the general problem of "Big Business"—large combinations of manufacturing establishments considered in itself. On this point the opinion is clear and emphatic. It thus puts the case:

> The disintegration aimed at by the statute does not extend to reducing all manufacturers to isolated communities of the lowest degree. It is as lawful for one corporation to make every part of a steam engine and to put the machine together as it would be for one to make the boilers and another to make the wheels.

This dictum has obvious bearing on the controversy aroused by the Tobacco Trust dissolution, in which opponents of the official disintegration plan contended that none of the units into which the dissolved Trust was divided should be any more "completely equipped" for its own part of the business than the independent competitors in that field. Neither the Attorney-General nor the courts sustained this contention, but it was made the basis of an attack on the decision and on the court which rendered it—an attack in which Mr. Roosevelt uproariously participated, with one of his luminous declarations of policy to the effect that such a Trust ought to be "absolutely disbanded." The Supreme Court, not being at liberty to rest on such convenient generalizations, has now defined with some definiteness the conditions under which Big Business is, and the conditions under which it is not, repugnant to the law.

Child-labor legislation is spreading over the country with a rapidity greater than its most sanguine advocates could have expected a few years ago. In Texas a bill has been introduced in the Legislature which is described in the Galveston *News* as "practically a copy of the model child-labor law drafted by the National Child Labor Committee." We are hearing a great deal less nowadays than we did two or three years ago of the impossibility of obtaining reform legislation of this character in the several States owing to fear that those adopting it would suffer in the industrial competition with States having less humane enactments. Indeed, the potency of an awakened public opinion, and its superiority to such obstacles as this, have been manifested not only in this but in other kindred ways. The story of workmen's compensation acts is of the same character; these will soon be as much a matter of course as the official (or "Australian") ballot came to be within a few years after it began to replace the old-time ballot handed out by party workers. There are drawbacks in our system of self-governing

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States, but there are vital benefits, too; and the drawbacks are seen, by such experiences as these, to be not so portentous as is sometimes represented.

It is easier to kill a man in many counties in Texas than to give or sell him a drink. . . . We are providing ways and means to hustle men into jail or to take from them their money for small offences, but the way is broad and easy for the man who shoots his neighbor down.

These words from the Houston *Post* are pointed with the declaration that "the able representatives from Dallas County are eagerly engaged in preparing traps to catch the little fellows, but there were sixty-seven homicides in that town last year, and it is a certainty that the great majority of the men who committed them have been given trivial sentences, have been acquitted, or will be acquitted." This Texas newspaper winds up its indictment of conditions in the Lone Star State by asking whether the Legislature cannot do something to mitigate them. The picture thus drawn is not so black as that presented by the Birmingham, Ala., *News*, upon which we commented last week, but it must shake any lingering belief in the high morality of our agricultural as compared with our urban centres. Lawlessness is a national crime. As for a remedy, perhaps the Texas Legislature can do something in response to the appeal made to it, but a few stern judges and juries could do infinitely more. Nor can we believe that they would find themselves going counter to public sentiment.

Already is Col. James Hamilton Lewis, Democratic primary nominee for Senator from Illinois, beginning to enlighten the country. He has been reading Government reports, and has found some startling information. "There are now existing in this nation," he declares, "under the designation of agents, 46,000 individuals who serve as spies, detectives, investigators, watchers, decoys, betrayers, silent accusers, and secret slanderers of everything which pertains to the citizen in America." Not content with this deadly enumeration, he resorts to impassioned metaphor. "These individuals, like imps," he goes on, "surround the cup from which the citizen drinks, shadow the table at which he eats, darken the threshold over which he lives, and sit like a thing of evil over every department of his undertaking." To feed and clothes these 46,000 demons in human form, we spend $5,000,000 a year. With what result? "Big business stands in fear; little business in despair." We have not space to reprint his rhetorical comparison between Italy, Spain, and Russia on the one side, and the United States, with these "spies, decoys, and betrayers," on the other. Nor are we altogether sure what he wants the country to do about it. We can only look forward to the day when the Senate will forget that there is or ever was such a prosaic institution as a calendar, in its absorption in the Illinois Colonel's handling of the English language.

While Boston is beginning to look forward to the tercentenary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, the second city in the country continues to take note of the passing of citizens whose memories spanned almost the entire period of its existence. When Edwin Oscar Gale arrived in Chicago in 1835, the town, which had been incorporated two years before, had an area of three-fourths of a square mile. Its public buildings consisted of a brick Episcopal church, a brick bank building, a brick "court house or clerk's office," a jail, a small post office, and three district schools. The leading industries were a foundry, a steam grist mill, a steam sawmill, a brewery, and a soap and candle factory. In 1837 the town became a city. It also took a census, which showed a population of 4,107. Mr. Gale had long disputed with the late Fernando Jones the title of "first Chicagoan." Both men, then very small children, got to Fort Dearborn on the same day, by the same boat, the Illinois, sailing from Buffalo, but Mr. Gale made the claim that, owing to a desire to land on his birthday, the youthful Jones remained on board the boat over night, while his destined rival stepped ashore early in the evening.

The new Grand Central Station in New York is not only a great work of art, but it is an achievement in engineering which is in some respects without parallel. To architects we shall leave any technical comparison of the new building with the Pennsylvania Station. Some will prefer one, some the other. Some will object to the color of the ceiling in the great concourse of the Grand Central; and some will dwell upon its greater convenience and compactness. But there can be only one voice about the way the engineering difficulties have been solved while the handling of the 800 trains that daily enter and leave the terminal went on. That was a traffic problem of a magnitude which no one else has had to encounter, and that it has been solved without costing a passenger's life must go down as one of the marvels of the time, as a wonderful achievement of engineers and operating men.

New York may well be proud that this new edifice has been added to its growing list of noble structures. The throngs that pass through its doors ought, however, not to lose sight of what has been done for their safety and comfort in the yards beyond. Here is a most amazing application of science to mechanical and technical problems of the utmost difficulty. Nowhere else, it has been well said, are the wonders of railway electrification so clearly exhibited. All trains are handled by means of an interlocking switch device made as perfect mechanically as is humanly possible. Everywhere there are devices to guard against the mistakes of the fallible human element. In the two interlocking switch-rooms the train directors handle their traffic without seeing the trains they send to one platform or another, or expedite through the "throat" of the station to the Harlem River. Far above the tracks will tower clubs, hotels, theatres, exhibition rooms, and office buildings. The old open railway yard is a thing of the past. More than that, the railway has found that this new real estate on steel stilts will pay a magnificent return and eventually, through a sinking fund, wipe out the entire yard expenditure. Here again the company has shown eminent public spirit, for it has limited the height of the buildings to be erected on the new Park Avenue to six stories, and the others to twenty. All this construction is to be carried out in accordance with an harmonious architectural plan. Below the buildings will be the ceaselessly active but invisible terminal, marking in its every department the foremost advance of American technical enterprise.

In most discussions concerning the drift of population from the country to the cities, the tendency is to assume

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that the results have been as harmful to the farms that have lost population as to the cities that have gained it. On the one hand, we are asked to consider the overcrowded town, with its slums, its high rents, its high food prices, and its over-supply of labor. On the other hand, there is the empty countryside crying aloud for labor. But now and then some courageous person arises to assert that the legend of the abandoned farm is just a legend. A detailed inquiry into the causes of rural depopulation as an element in the problem of high prices is going on under the St. Louis *Republic*. In two counties out of less than half a dozen studied, the investigators found that wealth and the general well-being have been steadily on the rise, while the population has been declining. In one county the population decline was 19 per cent. between 1900 and 1910; in the second county it was 12 per cent. A change from tobacco-growing to stock-raising, with decreasing opportunity for labor, accounts for the decline.

From Monday morning's printed interviews with Prof. Henri Bergson, it appears that when the eminent French philosopher arrived in New York harbor his ship was boarded by newspaper men who asked him for his views on at least the following subjects: Laughter, American philosophers, syndicalism, Col. Roosevelt, Gov. Wilson, the Balkan War, seasickness, and woman suffrage. There must have been minor topics brought forward by the ship news men which Professor Bergson contented himself with dismissing in a word or two or with a smile. But the list we have given is sufficient to demonstrate how completely the New York reporter vindicates Professor Bergson's theories of a purposeless, spontaneous creative force, that formulates its questions as it goes along.

Iowa is one of the States with "land-grant" colleges. She did not build them up in connection with the State University, but, like Montana and a few other States, spread a set of institutions widely over the State. Each went regularly to the Legislature to ask for all the money it dared, and each proceeded to develop itself without reference to the others. Six years ago a joint legislative committee was appointed to investigate the situation. It reported, as we read in the *Review of Reviews*, unanimously in favor of a single governing board for the University, the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and the State Teachers' College. Such action has been taken. Two duplications were regarded as especially harmful: that of the engineering department at the College of Agriculture and of the College of Applied Science at the University, and that of instruction in liberal arts at both the University and the State Teachers' College. These duplications were got rid of by discontinuing the College of Applied Science at the University, and making the Teachers' College a normal school.

"The end of fraternities in high schools is inevitable." These are not the words of some principal or member of a school board, but of the head of a high school fraternity, upon arriving in Denver for the purpose of annulling the charters of the four chapters in that city. The fight against fraternities in high schools has been long, and the issue by no means certain until very recently. Chicago pupils tested the matter out not long ago by a kind of strike which came to include two thousand boys and girls, but even this organized opposition did not dismay the Superintendent, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, and her associates, and in a few days the rebels were suing for peace. For the existence of fraternities in high schools it has been hard to see any reason, except imitation of the colleges, and the parents must be few who still hold with their children in admiring an institution that has served rather to create artificial distinctions and to supply an unprofitable mode of activity than to yield any real benefit.

Is there any inner meaning discernible in the suffragette hatred for plate-glass? The range of Pankhurstian battle tactics has widened so as to include various forms of arson and assault and battery, but the smashing of shop windows still seems to be the favorite form of protest, as it is the earliest. Glass, of course, has several properties that are not enumerated in the dictionaries, among these being its ready accessibility to the suffragette hammer, the highly disturbing noise it produces as it crashes down to a Bond Street sidewalk, and its comparative inexpensiveness. It is estimated that $25,000 worth of glass has been broken in London in defence of woman's rights. Obviously, this is a ridiculous sum when compared to the amount of resultant noise that has been heard round the world. But there is also a symbolic meaning to glass. It typifies civilization, and at the same time the conventions upon which civilization rests. The Bond Street shopkeeper has only a transparent wall an eighth of an inch thick between him and the world; yet under ordinary circumstances that is enough to make his house his castle. Along comes the suffragette hammer to remind him that his security is based only on the voluntary abstention of civilized man from the use of force. Let elemental passions be let loose, and a plate-glass window is reduced to its original dictionary definition of a substance eminently fragile.

Peace to-day would be scoring her victories if only there were the leaders to guide the armies of peace. This is the contention of the veteran correspondent, E. J. Dillon, who usually is not given to taking a sentimental view of the forces and motives that determine international relations. In the London *Telegraph* Dr. Dillon discusses the paradoxical character of the situation arising out of the Balkan War:

> How, for example, will he explain on the one hand the will of each of the European States to maintain the general peace, even at a heavy sacrifice, and, on the other hand, the fear felt by them all that something—they know not what—may at any moment occur which will precipitate a sanguinary war? For if one and all they are resolved to keep the peace, it is manifest that they wield the requisite power to carry out that resolve.

One answer Dr. Dillon does find to his own question, "the lack of a leading European statesman, capable of storing up and utilizing the vast peace forces at present scattered over Europe. We lack a Cavour or a Bismarck." But here the writer obviously falls into error. He forgets that he is at the present moment in the heart of a crisis, and is comparing his impressions with the impression created on us by Bismarck's or Cavour's completed, rounded out career. In their day these two men also had their uncertainties and their anxieties and their fears with regard to the future. The point is that the spectre of a general European war no longer haunts the public mind.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

Few expected—apparently not even Senators expected—that a two-thirds vote in the Senate could be got for a Constitutional amendment changing the length of the President's term of office. The debate had dragged on through the week without arousing much interest; various alternative proposals had been urged but voted down; and the Washington correspondents predicted failure for the whole movement. Yet on Saturday, by barely one vote more than the number necessary, the resolution was adopted favoring an amendment limiting the Presidency to a single term of six years.

For that plan there are, in the abstract, good arguments, as there are many against it. But it is obvious that concrete and even personal motives entered into the Senate's discussion and final action. It was not an alteration in our frame of government, ideally considered, that most of the Senators debated and voted upon. They had their eyes fixed rather upon political motives. They were thinking of individuals. No one can doubt this who followed the speeches or noted the alignment on the final roll-call. All the Democratic Senators, save one, voted for the amendment. All the Progressive Republicans in the Senate were against it. A majority of the regular Republican Senators were for the amendment; only eight or ten opposed it. Such a division on party or personal grounds is plainly of great significance. It is upon this fact, and upon its implications, that the attention of the country will be directed, certainly at first, and perhaps continuously. As the subject is brought up in the House and, if the amendment passes there, is discussed by the State Legislatures, the immediate concern will be about; not the theoretical merits, but the immediate consequences of the proposed change in the Constitution.

The people will be quick to grasp the fact that the amendment, in its present form, is virtually *ex-post-facto* legislation. Fixing the Presidential term at six years, it provides that "no person who has held the office by election, or discharged its powers or duties, or acted as President, shall be eligible again to hold the office by election." This looks directly at Theodore Roosevelt. There was no concealment about this.—It was freely revealed in the debate. It stood out in the actual vote. Every Senator with Roosevelt sympathies was strongly against the amendment. What some of them said, and what all of them doubtless felt, was that this was an attempt to make it forever impossible for him to become President again. In so far as this was held to be a denial of his existing rights under the Constitution, we agree that it has the air of sharp practice. The *Nation* will not be suspected of a desire to see Mr. Roosevelt once more in the White House. But if the people wish to place him there, nothing in the law of the land, as it is on the statute books to-day, would prevent their doing so; and it will look like a hardship to him, and unfair treatment, to adopt an amendment which expressly shuts him out. By a simple change in phraseology this could have been avoided. If the amendment had been made to read, "no person who, *after the adoption of this amendment*, shall have held the office," etc., no one could have alleged that an effort was being made to rule Roosevelt out. His stoutest opponents will not wish another candidacy for him to be made impossible by anything like a trick or snap judgment

Equally unfortunate would be the practical effect of the proposed amendment in the case of Gov. Wilson. If the change in the Constitution were to be adopted before 1916, it would automatically extend his term till 1919. But what could have been further from the minds of the people when they elected him for four years last November? Everybody must feel the incongruity and unfairness of suddenly making four mean six. Take it the other way round. When Wilson was a candidate and was elected, he was entitled, under our political practice and under the law, to look forward to eight years in the Presidency, provided he succeeded during the first four. But now it is proposed to deny any such possibility and, by so much, to take away the motive which has always been operative in a President assuming office. It is not a question of personal injustice to Gov. Wilson; he will not have a word to say on that head; but why should the effort be made to amend the Constitution in such a way as to involve all these irregularities and inconveniences in effect, with this semblance of unfair play? It is hard to defend laying a rash hand on our charter of government when it is obviously not a general principle that the innovators have in mind so much as two personalities.

Our judgment is that these considerations will so affect the public mind, as discussion of the matter goes on, that there will be small chance of the proposed amendment's procuring adoption by three-fourths of the States. The plan, whatever its speculative merits, will not appeal to the rough sense of justice. People will say: "Let us start fair. If we ought to make the Presidential term six years, let us do it deliberately, and not in such a way as to seem to be squinting at two men. Leave them out of the account. Argue the proposal so as to sink personalities out of sight, and then we will tell you what we think of it."

GOVERNING ALIENS.

President Taft's heat over the Democratic proposal to do in the Philippines precisely what we have done, to our national credit and honor, in Cuba is not easy to understand. It is gratifying, however, to note that he bases his antagonism squarely on the ground that it will be most unjust to the Filipinos to promise that eight years hence we shall withdraw from the archipelago. It is something to give up talking of our having to stay forever because of the blood and treasure we have expended. But if we withdraw, it will terribly injure them; all the structure of government we have so laboriously built up would crash to the ground; the natives would quarrel among themselves; wily and unscrupulous politicians among them would seize the offices; the various tribes would fight one another, and the only outcome would be anarchy. Thus runs the argument, and to strengthen it Mr. Taft declares that the Democrats should not be bound by their platform pledges, asserts that they are ignorant of the problem, and calls on all American teachers, missionaries, and officials to testify to the correctness of his position.

Well, even among them there is a difference of opinion. The *Nation* has recently received two letters from American residents in Manila, claiming to speak for others as well, who desire our withdrawal from the archipelago. One of the writers boldly declares that he is ready to "undertake to procure the

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signatures of one hundred Americans who, like myself, have resided here for from twelve to fourteen years, to a statement of belief that Mr. Taft's first-hand knowledge of the Filipino people is nil." This he explains by saying that Mr. Taft, as Governor-General, never came in touch with the masses of the Filipino people, only with the servant class, or the wealthy political and social leaders. Then this writer states the situation very clearly in these words:

> It is, however, disingenuous on his part to attempt to convey the impression that there *may* be a time in the indefinite future when the Filipino will be equipped to carry on the functions of self-government. He knows that so fast as they arrive at our standards, we shall as continuously advance our ideals to the sole end of forever frustrating their honest ambitions. By daily and increasing exploitations of their country, we know that we are intrenching ourselves for all time. The intelligent native realizes this, and uses his poor efforts to offset the work of the publicity agents we maintain in the United States, whose salaries we compel him to pay.

That is, indeed, the truth of history. The conqueror and exploiters invariably find reasons for remaining in the subjugated land. About every army officer who left Cuba after our last intervention insisted that the Cubans could not govern themselves six months before anarchy would prevail. They have survived an abominable and a corrupt Administration, to choose in its place another, headed by the Cuban probably best fitted for the Presidency. Again, with all respect to Mr. Taft, missionaries and officials are not good witnesses. The missionaries think of the converts to be made, and few officials can forget that if we leave the islands, they must seek new positions. As for the business men of the exploiter type, they are the worst advisers of all. It is far better, in a case like this, to intrench one's self upon the principle to do the just and right thing, and leave to fate the result. And the principle at stake is the right of the Filipinos to govern themselves as badly or as well as they wish; through dictators and bosses if they please. Few people who remember the excellent native government which Admiral Dewey's officers found and described in 1898, and are aware of the admirable conduct of the present Filipino Assembly, will believe that anarchy will result if, eight years hence, after twenty-two years of American rule, we withdraw, after neutralizing the islands and establishing, perhaps, a friendly, sympathetic Minister-resident to advise the islanders.

As for the permanent value of our own work in the archipelago, Mr. Taft would do well to read the beginning of a remarkable article on Oriental Justice by the Councillor of the British Embassy at Washington, Mr. A. Mitchell Innes, in the current *Hibbert Journal*. Himself of long experience as colonial administrator in Egypt, he has written one of the wisest and most moving interpretations of Oriental character we have ever read. But he begins by frankly admitting that, after all every Englishman has seen accomplished, "there remains a mysterious bar to complete success. He knows that the administration we have striven to set up has not really taken root, and would *crumble to dust* to-morrow if our hand were withdrawn." Mr. Mitchell then gives a clear exposition of the Oriental method of justice, with its picturesque emotions, its warmth of personality, and its inseparability from religious emotion, which is so wholly different from our own cold, formal method of justice, made to fit classes of crime but not the individual criminal. What Mr. Innes admits of English colonial management, that, after centuries, it has never successfully grafted Anglo-Saxon forms of government on Orientals, is true, and will be true of ourselves among the Malays. A century hence, if we remain blind to our own and the Filipinos' best interests, we, too, shall have to confess that our government would crumble to dust should we withdraw. But a hundred years hence we should find troops of government officials certain that the time had not come to free the Filipinos. The way to free the Filipinos, whom we hold against their will, is to free them; to fix a definite date, and then to put officials there who are determined to make as good a job of setting up a Filipino government as Col. Goethals has done at Panama. Where there is a will there is a way—the way of justice, the way of good will.

A POSTAL SUPERSTITION.

The installation of the parcel-post system has given rise to a pointed illustration of that religious dogma of the Post Office which has always enveloped in a mystic awe the subject of written matter sent through the mails. "Ignorance of the parcel-post rules on the part of their customers," one reads in a recent news item, "has been causing the department stores a good deal of loss." One suspects what is coming. "Many persons in sending back merchandise to be exchanged or credited have written either on the outside or the inside of the parcel a message to that effect." For this bold and indeed unnatural crime the Government of the United States inflicts a punishment ridiculously inadequate; for, instead of causing the arrest of the offender, or even confiscating the goods, it merely exacts the double of first-class rates. It is comforting to know, however, that the imposition of this mild penalty is insisted on in all cases. It is stated that one shop received back from a manufacturer a parcel on which a fine of $8.62 had to be paid, and that another has been paying on the average $25 a day in these penalties.

Now of course this kind of thing will become infrequent as the rules of the parcel-post system become familiar. But we are tempted to wonder whether, out of the scores of high officials of the Post Office Department, anybody is asking whether all this pother is necessary. Why should it be impossible for a person returning a parcel to write on the parcel itself what it is most natural and convenient to put there and nowhere else? We do not assert that there is absolutely no immediate gain to the revenue of the Post Office in compelling Mrs. Blank to write a separate letter to inform Messrs. Smith & Brown that she is returning a package to them. But we do say that the prohibition of written matter of this kind is caused not by any calculation of the effect on the postal revenue, but by unthinking adherence to a mere superstition. Postal administration has developed an inveterate instinct of unreasoning hostility to written matter, or, let us say, a specific mental disease which may be termed grammataphobia. It was only after a great deal of struggle that permission was granted to write "Merry Christmas" in a Christmas package; and to break further through the wall that shuts out written matter from packages of printed matter or merchandise is still regarded as little short of sacrilege.

The truth is, of course, that the amount directly gained by the Post Office through insisting on this rule is too trifling to be worth bothering about;

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while on the other hand it is plain that any such annoying restriction tends to obstruct the business, and thus in all probability causes in the long run a very considerable *loss* of revenue. It is a nuisance to the public, and this of itself ought to be a matter of some concern to the authorities; and it is unsound from the point of view of postal business. It may be set down as certain that no wide-awake private corporation carrying on the business of the Post Office would adopt any such rule, and that the Government itself would not adopt it but for the fact that the policy controlling written matter is regarded as so sacred and unalterable that the reason for it is never looked into.

With a very slight restriction, written matter could be allowed in all third and fourth-class packages without causing any substantial loss of revenue on the face of things, and with every reason to expect that in reality it would cause a decided gain of revenue. But this is peculiarly true in regard to the parcel post, since the lowest amount of postage for any parcel is five cents. Is it to be imagined for a moment that there would be any considerable loss of letter postage if people were allowed to put written matter into parcels, when five cents is the minimum rate, and this applies only to points within the fifty-mile zone?

It happens that a curious perversion of a different, but analogous, kind has also occurred in connection with the parcel post. Not only written, but also printed, matter is forbidden; so that, for instance, one cannot send a book along with other things in a parcel. A Fifth Avenue shop wished to enclose in all its packages a printed warning not to write on returned packages anything but the name and address of the receiver and the sender, but it had to obtain from the Post Office authorities a special authorization to do this. Yet the rate for printed matter throughout the United States is only one cent for two ounces, or eight cents a pound; so that the difference between the printed-matter rate and the parcel-post rate is not very serious at worst. And furthermore, it seems a little ridiculous to discriminate *against* books in the postal rates, when we have hitherto always discriminated in their favor. Postmaster-General Hitchcock, in his recent report, urges that the distinction between third-class and fourth-class matter be abolished; he states that this was recommended by the Department prior to the enactment of the parcel-post law.

But why not further simplify by letting people put into the parcels any mailable matter they choose? Has anybody figured out the probable effect of this on the postal revenue and expenditure? Is there any reason for not effecting this simplification except want of thought? It would be a great comfort to everybody; and if both this simplification and a proper simplification of the zone plan were adopted, the popularity of the parcel post would be vastly augmented—to the benefit of the people, and, we are convinced, to the advantage of the postal revenue.

HUMORS OF ENGLISH POLITICS.

The new Siege of Londonderry has its serious political importance, but the sardonically humorous aspects of it are the most striking. For at the very moment when the House of Lords was throwing out the Home Rule bill, the Irish Nationalists were wresting the Londonderry seat from the Unionists. But Londonderry is in Ulster, and it was to save Ulster from the horrors of Home Rule that the Unionists have been straining all the resources of oratorical threatening. "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right." Yet everybody has known all along that this province of Ireland is almost equally divided politically. Thus the proposal has been that Ulster should have the privilege of resisting the wishes not only of the great majority of the Irish people, but of nearly half of its own inhabitants. The recent bye-election will go far towards putting the finishing touch of absurdity to this whole contention. For with the winning of Londonderry the Irish Nationalists now have an actual majority of all the members of Parliament for Ulster. This outcome is a stroke of Irish humor of which even the most stolid Unionist must perceive the delicious timeliness.

The Derry election was no joke. It was bitterly fought. The constituency was canvassed and tabulated until the party workers knew just how every voter stood. And the Unionists felt beforehand a dejection as marked as the confidence of the Nationalists, for they knew well how severe a blow to them would be the loss of the seat. The dispatches tell of the extraordinary exertions made by both sides. But the Nationalist majority of 57 was really discounted in advance; and now that it is assured, its comic bearings will be appreciated throughout the kingdom. There have been complaints by Unionist speakers in the House of Lords that the campaign against Home Rule had been "listless," and that the people did not seem to be aware of the danger to the Empire. It is safe to say that they will hereafter appear even more indifferent to the wails and defiances of Ulster. By gaining one seat there the Nationalists have done more than defeat their opponents—they have turned the laugh on them.

Other recent political occurrences in England have caused a good deal of mirth. The circumstances attending Mr. Bonar Law's surrender of the food taxes, which he had just solemnly vowed he would never surrender, and at the same time consenting to retain the leadership which, in one vital point, the great majority of his own party had rebuked, were of a sort to appeal to the satirist. Mr. Law himself was serious enough. Always a man who jokes "wi' deeficulty," he could be excused for missing the fun of the situation. And it must be said that he displayed a manly spirit. He frankly told the Unionist party that, since a change of programme had been forced, this "should be accompanied by a change of leaders." However, as he had been begged to remain, and assured that his retirement would be "fatal to the best interests of the party," he felt it his duty to comply with the request made of him. He seems to have adopted for his own the sentiments of Captain Reece of the "Bab Ballads," in his speech to the crew of the Mantelpiece:

> By any reasonable plan
> I'll make you happy if I can;
> My own convenience count as *nil;*
> It is my duty, and I will.

A repudiated leader still making a pretence of leading is naturally an inviting target for shafts of wit and sarcasm. Mr. Bonar Law has been transfixed by his full share of them. One of the sharpest-tipped was aimed at him the other day by Mr. Lloyd George while making a congratulatory speech on the successful operation of his Workingmen's Insurance act. He maliciously extracted from Hansard the following pre-

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diction made by Bonar Law less than a year ago in reference to this very insurance act: "I venture to express the belief that although honorable gentlemen on the benches opposite were very proud to have it called an act because it had become law, it will never come into operation." Lloyd George cited this as a gratuitous and falsified prophecy, and then slyly added that it would not be fair to hold Mr. Bonar Law entirely responsible; for "it may be that he was speaking only as the leader of the party, and was not necessarily expressing his own personal view."

Another bit of humor, unconscious this time, was contributed by the *Spectator*. It said of Bonar Law's abject surrender of his own convictions, when he found them in opposition to the "larger opinion" of his party, that "nothing could be more straightforward and more manful, in a word, more honest." Then, almost in the same breath, it spoke of a Unionist who would *not* give up his convictions. This was Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who, as his father's son, knows something about food taxes and their necessary place in the scheme of protective duties and imperial preference. When others retreated, Mr. Chamberlain refused to do so, saying proudly: "I cannot turn my back upon myself." But this merely proves to the *Spectator* that Mr. Chamberlain is "an honest and independent man"—fully as honest, we suppose, as Mr. Law, who did the exact opposite.

THE FEMINIST MIND.*

In general, the literature of feminism neither enlarges the mind of the reader nor increases his self-respect. It is therefore a pleasure to point to the invigorating little book in which (rather unexpectedly, perhaps) the historian of Standard Oil stands for the business of being a woman. Miss Tarbell writes from the standpoint of a mind well-stocked and well-ventilated, and her argument for the distinctiveness and dignity of woman's business is an appeal to woman's intelligence. Along the same line, Ellen Key is more vaguely impressive, but not less open-minded and free from sex-jealousy. Miss Tarbell's is the scientific and business-like mind, while Ellen Key is more Teutonically philosophical. Her "Woman Movement," however, though full of just observations, adds on the whole little to her former books, and mainly strengthens the impression, not always confirmed by the character of her followers, of a truly large-minded woman endowed with a splendid naïveté; which enables her to combine in perfect good faith a fervid belief in the ideals of the home, the family, and conjugal love with an extreme radicalism in the matter of freedom of divorce. Mrs. Coolidge's "Why Women Are So" approaches more nearly the type of feministic literature, in spite of a conscientious striving to be impersonally scientific. Why *are* women "so"? Because social conditions (mainly masculine) have made them so. Woman's business is not distinctive. Women are sillier (yet finer) than men, but this is because the removal of industries from the home (a wearisome repetition in all the woman-books) has left them nothing worth thinking about; and she looks forward to the time when the man will come home early in the afternoon and take a hand with the wife, who has also spent the day abroad, at the sweeping and the dishes. Altogether, the book is a rather gloomy argument for the suffrage, from the standpoint of either sex, and we are not reassured when we learn that "the elect among women" include Mary Baker Eddy. M. Finot's "Problems of the Sexes" is another sociological study embracing the whole subject of feminism. M. Finot presents an array of learned authority, but he is himself the victim of a rather weak sentimentalism which leads him so far as to declare that, if women were to hold the places now occupied by men, a few years would see all the problems in which men have failed—depopulation, alcoholism, criminality, misuse of public money, etc.—solved without delay. "The Advance of Woman," by Jane Johnstone Christie, is a hopelessly superficial book under an ill-fitting title. Either "the decay of woman" or "the fable of the matriarchate" would better fit the argument. "Woman Adrift" is full of interesting information about the suffrage-movement in England, but poor Mr. Owen turns out rather weak. His appeal to woman, rather his command to mind her own business, cannot be addressed to her intelligence, since of this he has his doubts, and the appeal to nature falls flat when nature is off duty. Yet Mr. Owen is not a dull man. His laborious argument is relieved here and there by choice bits of grim humor. The difficulty is that this subject of feminism has a weakening effect upon the mind—a truth which I am doubtless now about to illustrate *in propria persona*.

I.

Discarding the tangle of considerations in which the subject is enveloped as a whole, I shall limit the discussion to one immediately relevant question: Have women yet manifested the kind or grade of intelligence which would justify us—us men, of course—in giving them the suffrage? or, more generally, in expecting any aid from their counsel and advice? I do not ask, Is it just—abstractly just? That question seems to me unimportant, and, moreover, not well based. The celebrated argument of the cultivated woman and the illiterate negro or foreigner loses most of its force when we remember the position of the cultivated man. He, indeed, is not rated below the negro or foreigner. No, he has the honor of being rated just equal. Altogether, it is rather difficult to see why, under present conditions, any woman should regard the franchise as a privilege; and one would think that intelligent persons of both sexes should be interested, first of all, in making the suffrage stand for some degree of character and intelligence. In the meantime, if we are to pursue the argument of justice, we must remember that the suffrage is not granted to all males, but only to those assumed, however wrongly, to have reached the stage of mental maturity. And this compels me to disclose my general conclusion. When we speak of men, women, and children, we usually follow the order given. Now, intellectually, I would not say that women are children; neither are they men. The best formulation that I can find for the feminine mind—a most difficult and elusive subject—is that it corresponds closely to the masculine mind *just before* the presumptive stage of maturity. The masculine mind goes on to maturity; the feminine mind seems hardly to get beyond the stage of adolescence.

Perhaps I should say "the feminist mind," for the formulation will not be true of all women; nor will it fail to include many men. Hence, I am not raising the odious question, whether women are "so" by nature, but whether they are so *de facto*. *De facto* I should say that the formulation fits the feminine average, or type. Nor can I assent to the "flattering unction" that the intelligence of woman is only different, being intuitive where the masculine intelli-

**The Business of Being a Woman.* By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Woman Movement. By Ellen Key. Translated by Mamah Bouton Borthwick. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Why Women Are So. By Mary Roberts Coolidge. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Problems of the Sexes. By Jean Finot. Translated by Mary J. Safford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

The Advance of Woman. By Jane Johnstone Christie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

Woman Adrift. By Harold Owen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Woman in the Making of America. By H. Addington Bruce. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. New York: John Lane Company. $4 net.

Making a Business Woman. By Anne Shannon Monroe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.30 net.

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gence is rational. For if intuition is to be distinguished from reason, then it must be noted that virtually all the greater works of intuition, as displayed in art and in scientific invention and discovery, are so far to the credit of men. Hence, I shall not pretend to speak from a point of view either impersonal or asexual. Intelligence, as I understand it, is masculine intelligence. Logic is what the light-hearted Mrs. Gilman would call "man-made logic." Man-made logic is indeed imperfect, but woman-made logic is up to the present time virtually non-existent or, what is the same thing, a contradiction in terms.

II.

We are told that politics will be purified by the introduction of woman's superior morality. This superiority I must contest because I hold that morality and intelligence are one and the same. To say, for example, with the writer of a recent magazine article, that the issues in which women are interested are moral rather than political, is to state a fact, but to state it wrongly. It is true that in the suppression of the liquor evil and the "social" evil women have shown a consuming zeal. Nay, in these as in other militant campaigns they have demonstrated their readiness to burn the house down to enforce the special demands of morality. I have nothing to say for the social evil except that it presents a complicated problem, but the liquor evil is more of an open question. We shake our heads over "the European drinking habits," but the truth seems to be, as suggested by the per capita consumption, not that we are markedly more abstemious, but only that our drinking habits are more vicious and disreputable. This is the characteristic result of a fanatical zeal, which refuses "to compromise with the devil," combined with a deep-seated political corruption. To the discerning mind it should be evident that the root of our liquor evil lies in the impossibility of finding public officials who will enforce the license laws, or any other laws, as long as they have something to make out of it. As compared with the sin of drunkenness, this seems to me to be the deeper immorality. It is the sin that raises the more serious questions concerning national character. But this belongs among the "political issues" which, I think it fair to say, have hardly yet impressed the feminine consciousness.

When it is said that politics will be "purified" there is usually a failure to distinguish between masculine and feminine conceptions of "purity." For the woman purity is mainly chastity; for the man it means, first of all, to be incorruptibly honest. It would be interesting to know upon what ground we are to expect Mrs. Grafter to become critical of Mr. Grafter as long as Mr. Grafter remains a good husband; or why Mrs. Floater should be less ready to turn an honest two dollars than Floater himself. The authenticated fact seems to be, as recorded by masculine observation, that, woman for man, on the same social level, the woman, as a rule, is less deeply offended by a breach of trust and at the same time less alive to the fact when the evil results are somewhat remote. Moreover, I believe that one of the evils of our political life is the predominance of the eternal feminine in our national point of view. Only too often has "the good husband and the kind father" served to disguise the pliant instrument of corrupt politics. That the argument will lose its force under woman suffrage is too much to believe.

Women are credited with a superior capacity for self-sacrifice. Here, again, I am obliged to say that self-sacrifice seems to me to be an unintelligent conception of virtue. But many who disagree will admit that it is hardly a relevant business virtue or a very solid basis for the adjustment of political rights. Those, however, who deal with women in business are not impressed by their self-sacrifice, but rather by their failure to comprehend the elementary principles of justice. It is a rather rare woman who can view a transaction between A and B as a fair game in which each must good-naturedly expect the other to stand for himself. Indeed, to the mere man it seems that nothing is so clearly feminine as a complete failure to see that there is another side to the case, or to see any aspect that is not immediately obvious and personal. Accordingly, when the department store protests that it exists only to extend courtesy, especially the unlimited courtesy of changing your mind, the feminine customer hardly pauses to reflect that the heavy expense of this policy is provided for in "the cost of doing business"; and thus one outcome of the principle of self-sacrifice is a beautiful, unconscious communism, whereby we bear one another's burdens and enjoy economic waste and moral confusion.

Feminism is romanticism in public life and in business, and romanticism is the characteristic product of the adolescent mind. The high-minded youth is filled with a kind of idealism which calls for a "crusade" against some giant evil, but which, while aspiring perhaps to an heroic self-sacrifice, and possibly even to an heroic chastity, is apt to be strangely blind to obligations well supported by benefits received. To a clear-minded man a few years of rough experience bring the sobering conviction—not that the idealism of youth was too fine for daily life; this is to misconceive any really intelligent masculine point of view—rather, indeed, that a truly fine and exacting idealism would be shown in a nice and comprehensive fulfilment of the obligations arising out of the immediate business of life. Women as a rule miss the rude enlightenment. Even the militant suffragists do not succeed in getting it. This is the explanation of "why women are so." Yet, in the face of this explanation, we find all the feminine writers insisting upon the finer intuitions and the finer sympathies of women as against the coarser reasoning processes of men. Under this provocation I feel called upon to say that the liveliness of feminine intuitions and sympathies is not commonly a mark of creative imagination or deeper insight, but only of a certain naïve freedom from the restraining considerations that would be presented by a broader view of the case—in a word, that feminism, like other forms of romanticism, is the mark of an undeveloped self-consciousness.

III.

Those who imagine that this one-sidedness is confined to the unemancipated have not carefully analyzed the feministic literature—or, perhaps, I should say that those women who display it least are those who have been emancipated without proclamation. The demands for "independence" in feministic literature are characterized by an entire failure to consider the extent of independence actually enjoyed by men. The same thing is illustrated in the very interesting demand for "wages for wives." The idea may be found in Cicely Hamilton's sordid, but courageous, "Marriage as a Trade," the purpose of which is to show that in marriage women engage in a vile occupation for mere "subsistence wages." Who has failed to encounter the statement that the middle-class wife toils early and late for the wages of a servant? Mrs. Coolidge lays stress upon the idea of compensation, and I think it is she who points to the sacrifice made by a woman who in marriage gives up a salary of twelve hundred a year.

Now, if it be meant that husband and wife should agree upon a regular allowance for the wife's private use, this seems so manifestly business-like and reasonable that one is compelled to wonder why it bulks so large in feministic literature. On the other hand, at the present rate of wages, I believe that, in most middle-class families (with an income of twenty-five hundred or less), the wife's allowance could not exceed a servant's wages. But to assume that a servant's wages is all that she then receives shows a naïve ignorance of bookkeeping. Two considerations are omitted from the debit side of the account: First, that her "board," including, as it does, the possession of the whole house, is far more expensive than the servant's; secondly, that she is chargeable for half of the cost of maintaining her children. This important item I have

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never seen mentioned. Indeed, upon this point there is a strange confusion in feminist thought. Apparently, the responsibility for the children belongs to the husband ("she bore him so and so many children"), while the property in them belongs to the wife—they are always *her* children. But if the responsibility, then the property; and then the old law giving the husband absolute control of the children, a law of which the feminists still bitterly, and belatedly, complain, turns out to have been just. If, again, the property, then the responsibility; in this case the whole cost of their maintenance should be charged against the wife. But if we decently halve both the property and the responsibility, it will be seen that, in the middle-class household, the wife receives, in her own person and in those of her children, just about half of the family income. And if we remember the wages paid to women, it will be clear that there are few women who do not receive higher wages as wives than they could earn outside of the home.

In the meantime, I think it is only a rather foolish man who would complain of the sacrifice he made in marrying. When a middle-class man marries he knows that his income is mortgaged for life, mostly for the benefit of other persons. But if his family life is reasonably happy, he is well assured that it pays, and that he is getting the only worth his money could have for him. To a mature mind this is a source of solid satisfaction, and between two mature minds the consciousness of obligation mutually fulfilled strengthens the bond of sympathy. To the feminist mind the idea is sordid. Feminist ethics craves sacrifice. In feminist literature the wife is either a "parasite," like Mrs. Gummidge, or a defrauded partner. That she should both be worth what she gets and get what she is worth seems intolerably prosaic and colorless.

IV.

Feministic literature is full of the narrowness of domesticity and the drudgery of housekeeping. Assuming that housekeeping is drudgery, there are still two considerations commonly omitted: First, of course, the other side of the case: is housekeeping greater drudgery than the work of most men in business? Obviously, this is the determining question in the formulation of a reasonable complaint; and the omission is the more surprising because most of the work open to women in business is drudgery of the clearest kind. My own opinion, based upon a rather varied and instructive apprenticeship in business and a few brief and awkward experiences as cook and housekeeper, would be that the position of cook and housekeeper in one's own house is preferable to almost any of the positions open to women in business, or to most men; and this precisely from the standpoint to which women commonly appeal, the standpoint of a cultivated mind. But, since this is only a man's view, I prefer to quote from a spirited contribution "From an Average Woman" to the *Atlantic* for April, 1909:

> For five years after graduation [from a New England college], I was a business woman, very happy in my work; but I have been far more happy in my five years of married life, and more independent than when in business. I have a housekeeping allowance and one for my personal needs, as regular as my salary used to be; I have the control of my time, my work is not so monotonous, and my workshop is what I choose to make it. . . . I believe that housewives do not have a monopoly of the drudgery of life. My personal definition of drudgery is compulsory work that one does not know how to do well. . . . Nor is the varied work of the household more monotonous than heating one iron bar after another, hour after hour, day after day, for instance, or adding up one column of figures after another.

"How to do well"—this suggests the second omission. Not that housekeeping is not done well, according to present methods, but rather that it is not regarded as a worthy subject for the application of ideas. The man entering the kitchen is impressed by the contrast with any decently organized carpenter-shop or machine-shop. Kitchen tools are of the grade found in the small boy's tool-chest. Kitchen machinery suggests toy machinery. We must allow for the unspecialized complexity of the kitchen-task, yet it seems to me that it still offers many tempting invitations to the exercise of mechanical inventiveness. And if the servant-problem is really insoluble, we clearly face the alternatives of making the home manageable from an engineering standpoint or of abandoning it. But not only are women as a rule lacking in mechanical knowledge; like many men whose intellectual discipline is not yet complete, they despise it. In this they suggest the familiar type of undergraduate who is confident of his ability to discuss metaphysics and ethics, while cheerfully explaining that he is unfitted for elementary physics or plane geometry. It hardly occurs to him that a real inability to grasp mechanical ideas marks an incapacity for abstract thinking—that is to say, for thinking. For if mechanical science is not a final test of intelligence, it is at least an elementary test.

There is, however, another reason for the unscientific attitude of women towards housekeeping. Most of its tasks have already been removed from the home laboratory, they tell us; we buy our bread from the baker; soon we shall order the whole dinner from the cook-shop (doubtless table and all). But this only brings to light what I conceive to be the central issue. Who will then control the preparation of the dinner and see to it that the whole meal is not as unappetizing as the baker's bread? This question opens a wide range of considerations of which, in the literature before us, Miss Tarbell is the only one to give any clear account.

The removal of industry from the home—to repeat the old story—was only the first step in the process of removing it to the other end of the earth. Under present conditions the producer and consumer are about as remotely acquainted with each other as if they lived in different worlds. One result is to increase the cost of distribution so shockingly as really to raise the question whether the organization of industry is, after all, worth while. But another result is that the consumer has no longer any control of the producer. In the small towns the retail merchants are frankly distributing agents. If you ask them a question about the goods that they offer, all that they can tell you is that the article in question "is made by a very reliable firm." Truly, it is an interesting situation. We work hard for our dollars, and we guard them jealously, yet we pay them out with only a vague notion of what we are getting in return. The result is that a wise man is compelled to repudiate the pretension of choice in order that he may not feel like a fool as he walks home with his purchase under his arm.

To state the case compactly, I think that many of us would be ready to cease gibing at women's clubs, and even to become subscription-members, if only these or some other women's clubs would adopt Miss Tarbell's suggestion and address themselves to the problem of consumption. The first step would be to supply us with intelligent information based upon trustworthy investigation; but this would doubtless lead to some direct control, through coöperative societies, of the processes of production. I need not dwell upon the range of the field. The problems of consumption are precisely as broad as the problems of production, and they demand the same degree of scientific knowledge and judgment.

Let all this be as Utopian as you please; it will serve to point the fact that, while "the uneasy woman" is chafing at the restraints of domesticity and calling loudly for a rather indefinite "career," here at her door lies a neglected public work of unsurpassable importance and dignity. And at *her* door, I say; for, though industry has left the home, she is still the chief purchasing agent, and, as always, the director of consumption. Nor is it quite an answer to say that the problems in question have scarcely yet been generally recognized; they are specially the woman's problems. In the meantime the bent of her mind is shown by societies such as the Consumers' League, which,

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leaving the consumer out of account, gives its attention chiefly to the welfare of saleswomen and factory-women. I shall be the last to say that these objects are not good. Nevertheless, the predominance, indeed the exclusiveness, accorded to them is precisely typical of what I have called the adolescent quality of the feminine mind. To quote Miss Tarbell again, the important thing seems always to lie elsewhere—never at home.

Here, of course, I shall be met with the triumphant reply that for all this the woman must have the vote. But this I shall dismiss as an illusion, though it is not a specifically feminine illusion. It is part of the great scientific-socialistic illusion of our time to the effect that social problems are to be solved by getting them out of the social consciousness into a government bureau. I am not questioning the value of a government bureau. But with a bureau for each department of industry, the vital need would still be for popular enlightenment and for independent discussion and criticism; and a society, or societies, which should to any degree represent and command the confidence of the purchasing power, could speak with an authority which no government bureau ought to exercise. It is doubtless true that, as Miss Addams says, women are hampered in their philanthropic programme by the lack of the suffrage. This is because, not quite excusably, perhaps, men are not immediately interested. "If," writes Miss Tarbell, "two years ago, when the question of the higher duty on hosiery was before Congress, any woman or club of women had come forward with carefully tabulated experiments, showing exactly the changes which have gone on in late years in the shape, color, and wearing quality of the 15-, 25-, and 50-cent stockings, the stockings of the poor, she would have rendered a genuine economic service." With this kind of an argument to offer women will never need the suffrage; and when they render the economic service they may count upon a genuine interest in their philanthropic programme. But, then, I should say, the whole question will be on a different footing. WARNER FITE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The M. C. D. Borden library will be sold at the American Art Galleries afternoons and evenings of February 17, 18, and 19. The two volumes of the sale catalogue contain only 838 lots. It has been the usual custom at auction sales to break up long collected sets of first editions and to sell the volumes separately, even when the sets were uniformly bound; but in the present sale the long sets, even the Dickens with its hundreds of valuable drawings inserted, are to be sold as single lots. In some cases some of the very rarest items are to be sold separately. The bulk of the Thackeray set, 73 vols., will be sold as one lot, and afterwards "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "Flore et Zephyr," "The Snob," "The Gownsman," and a little volume, "Unpublished Verses," with the autograph manuscripts of the poems and drawings inserted, will be sold separately. The first five editions of Walton's "Complete Angler" are to be sold as one lot, but the four folios of Shakespeare are sold separately.

The catalogue is handsomely printed and has numerous illustrations of bindings and title-pages. The cataloguer has studiously avoided pointing out any imperfections. In the case of the First Folio, the most valuable book in the library, the size is given (12 11-16 by 8 5-16 inches); but there is not one word as to the condition of the copy, nor any word as to its history or former ownership. With the First Folio more than almost any other book, market value depends upon condition. The book, as a book, is not "excessively rare," but on the contrary it is probable that more copies, good, bad, and indifferent, are in existence than of most other books of its period.

What is probably the rarest book in the library is the little pamphlet, "Penny Whistles," by Robert Louis Stevenson. This is an early or trial issue of "A Child's Garden of Verses," and is a pamphlet of 22 pages, without any title-page, but with imprint at end, "Cambridge, Printed by C. J. Clay, M. A., & Son, at the University Press." It seems to have been printed before October, 1883.

Something of the history of the development of this little volume of poems for children can be traced in the published letters. In March, 1883, Stevenson sent to Henley "the MS. of Nursery Verses, now numbering XLVIII pieces or 599 verses," and gave instructions about the printing and illustrations. "I do not want a big ugly quarto. I want a refined octavo, not large—not larger than the Donkey book, at any price." In the same letter he suggested various titles: "Nursery Verses," "Nursery Muses," "New Songs of Innocence," "Rimes of Innocence," "The Jew's Harp," and "Penny Whistles for Small Whistlers," with a final conclusion: "it is perhaps better, as simply Penny Whistles." It seems to have been that manuscript which was put into type, as the printed "Penny Whistles" contains forty-eight pieces, though the number of lines is 603 instead of 599.

In April, 1883, Stevenson wrote to Mrs. Sitwell: "I have struck out two, and added five or six; so they now number forty-five. When they are fifty, they shall out on the world." In October, 1883, he had received from Colvin an "interesting copy of P. Whistles," with criticisms, to which he replies with some fervor: "If you don't like 'A Good Boy,' I do. . . . 'Twinkled' is just the error; to the child the stars appear to be there; any word that suggests illusion is a horror. . . . Bewildering and childering are good enough for me." And he adds: "I will delete some of those condemned, but not all. I don't care for the name 'Penny Whistles'; I sent a sheaf [of names] to Henley when I sent 'em. But I've forgot the others. I would just as soon call 'em 'Rimes for Children' as anything else."

In June, 1884, he sent four additional pieces to Colvin, and wrote: "It will now make quite a little volume of a good way upwards of 100 pp." On January 2, 1885, he sent to W. H. Low "the first sheet of the definitive edition" of the "Child's Verses," with the hope that Low would undertake to illustrate the volume. In February he wrote to John Addington Symonds, "My Child's Verses come out next week."

Mr. Bixby, of St. Louis, owns a series of manuscripts of the Verses, twenty-two in number, on seventeen pages. Among them are four pieces not included in the published volume. The privately printed pamphlet in the Borden library contains five others, in all nine pieces which were omitted from the "Child's Garden of Verses."

Aside from the Borden copy no other copy of "Penny Whistles" seems to be definitely placed.

The autograph manuscript of Stevenson's "Catriona," published in America as "David Balfour," is the most important manuscript of his which has been sold at auction. It is written in his characteristic small hand on 214 foolscap pages.

There are other important manuscripts in the collection, the most interesting being Tennyson's "Nimuë," on 31 pages. The name, "Nimuë," was altered to "Vivien," and the poem was published in "Idylls of the King" in 1859. There is one printed copy known of an early trial issue, in the British Museum, with the title, "Enid and Nimuë."

There are two important Swinburne manuscripts, "Chastelard, a Tragedy," on 115 pages of foolscap, and "A Song of Italy," 46 pages, the latter accompanied by the printer's proof sheets with a few manuscript corrections by Swinburne.

The Borden library is notable for the large number of elaborately tooled modern bindings, the work of the Club Bindery, the Doves Bindery, Miss Prideaux, Stikeman, Chambolle-Duru, Gruel, Zaehnsdorf and Riviere, and others. There are also two books from Jean Grolier's library, each bearing his well-known motto, "Jo. Grolierii et Amicorum."

Correspondence

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Hart's spirited remonstrance in the *Nation* of January 23 against "*Aren't I* a feminist?" reached our breakfast table just as we were discussing the fineness of the line which separates elegance from vulgarity in speech. For the following reasons I am disposed to favor the Oxford graduate's suggestion that this peculiar locution is due to what the grammarians call an "epenthetic" *r* in what the comparative philologists call an "hypothetical" *an't*.

When the mercury falls far below zero, I say: "I fear the pipes will *burst*." My wife says: "I fear the pipes will *buhust*." My son says: "I'm afraid the pipes will *bust*." If we should be awakened in the night by the fall of water and plaster, I should cry: "The *worst* has happened." My wife would cry: "The *wuhust* has happened." My son would cry: "The *wusst* has

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happened." When I had lighted the lamp, I should be tempted to exclaim: "I will be *curst!*" My wife would be tempted to exclaim: "I will be *cuhust!*" My son would exclaim: "I will be *cusst!*" I am correct. My wife is elegant. Why does my son cross the line?

At this point I drop my family. But I will say that I have never known a person, however elegant, who could remove *r's* from one place without setting them down in another. It appears to be a law of compensation in the lingual world that the *r* lost by *honah* shall be restored to *harnah;* you *cahrnt* escape from the *opuhration* of this *lawr, howevuh* you may try. There is nothing shocking in the example which excites Professor Hart's wrath, except the spelling. Mr. Wells has merely recorded a "fonetic" fact. And when all the spelling reformers have done their worst, the *wurd* or *wuhud* or *wud* which they record in the dictionary will serve only as a new point of departure for the variations of elegance on the one hand and vulgarity on the other. For that reason I am a conservative. OBSERVER.

Chicago, January 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent issue of January 23, Prof. J. M. Hart complains rather bitterly of Mr. H. G. Wells, because, in his book called "Marriage," he has the sentence: "My dear! *Aren't I* a feminist?" Mr. Hart seems to fear that the English language is going to the dogs; feels obliged to consider "the question whether we Anglo-Americans are losing all sense of grammar," and asks somewhat pathetically: "Shall we all jabber and scribble indiscriminately?"

I haven't read "Marriage," but I suppose that the person who says *Aren't I* in that book is English. Mr. Hart seems not to know that the expression is in common use by educated people in England. It is an Anglicism, it is true, but the author was certainly justified in making an Englishman speak as he would naturally, even if ungrammatically.

As for the elaborate derivation for *Aren't I,* offered by Mr. Hart's Oxford friend, he is right in having his doubts about it. I think *Aren't I* is a simple analogical expression produced by *Aren't you,* backed up as it is by *Aren't we, Aren't they.* The analogy has not been extended to the third person singular (*Aren't he*) because there already existed an abbreviation in good use for *Is not he,* viz.: *Isn't he.*

Mr. Hart asks: "Is there anything to prevent us from saying *Am I not?*" Of course there is not, but in ordinary conversation *Am I not* seems to many people clumsy and pedantic. For all the other similar expressions we have abbreviations such as *Can't I, Won't I,* etc., but for *Am I not* there is no abbreviation in use but *Ain't I* (except the much abused expression in question). *Ain't I* is now held to be vulgar in England—although I believe there was a time when it was fashionable—and so, many Englishmen say *Aren't I.*

There is no cause for alarm: it does not seem likely that any American will ever say *Aren't I,* but Englishmen must be allowed some eccentricities. There is no more reason that they should be obliged to say *Am I not,* than that they should say *Is he not,* etc.; and if many people went about talking like that, it would be an intolerable nuisance, would it not?

J. E. SHAW.

Baltimore, Md., January 27.

ASPIRATION AND GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There seem to be a number of people in the world who have had an experience similar to that which you describe in your editorial on "Patrons for Genius" (January 9). Here is another.

I, too, have been an egotist, and imagined myself a neglected genius, but have been unsuccessful in proclaiming myself to the world. If any one had patronized me, I fear that it would have been an unprofitable investment. I have now largely outgrown my boyish hopes of fame and publication, though the same irrepressible impulse still urges me on to aims and ideals apparently beyond my reach. It seems to thwart me in my worldly business and to summon me whenever I begin to become involved therein. It seems to lead me through life to the tune of martial music that will not let me rest, while beyond, I seem to hear the melody of the spheres. Yet it has led me to no tangibly successful result. No matter; my effort is the development of my soul in its conquest of life, and its birth struggle into higher spheres where all its aspirations will finally be fulfilled somewhere in its eternal career, though it achieve no substantial or durable distinction here. Perhaps it may attain some measure of success here also; man's greatest accomplishments are often consummated only after a lifetime of preparation and endeavor, and without expectation of reward and glory.

My youthful mind was first awakened by a profound and mystical sentiment of wonder at itself, and the mysterious magnificence of the universe. In this stage of its development it wooed the Truth through the simple process of intuition, and, if it had then yielded itself to some settled faith, and pursued some simple, definite theme with which it might harmonize and organize all its impressions and experiences, it might ere this have reached some successful consummation. But learning with its various sciences, facts, and doctrines, like a kaleidoscope, broke the light of the mind's intuition into diverse hues, which it has been unable to combine again harmoniously into anything significant. I became lost and bewildered in a multitude of fragmentary impressions, and the result of my thought and my effort has been a scattered mass of notes, essays, poems; and incomplete articles, each, perhaps, inspired with a breath of Truth, but none endowed with the full soul that is essential to success. I had certain purposes, but was not able to bring my scattered conceptions together in them.

I have failed to realize the dreams of youth, but they have remained with me and occupied my leisure moments in the ten years of struggle for subsistence that have since elapsed. I have just spent a year's time in going over the efforts of former years; have revised, refined, organized, concentrated my various notes and articles under proper subjects, but still have produced nothing noteworthy. I shall go on as I have done, labor for bread when I must, cherish my dreams when I can, and all the time gain new strength and experience in the struggle to bring my dreams nearer to success when I again have the time to devote myself fully to them. There is ecstasy in the progress of the soul, though it miss the glory of human recognition.

I am glad that I have had no patron. Too much external assistance is not good for the mind, for it needs to be driven into itself for refuge and inspiration. I rejoice that in the struggle of existence the vainglorious conceits of youthful egotism have been transformed or expelled, and that I have been drawn out of my isolation into a broad, intimate, and happy sympathy with all humanity. Yet I rejoice also that I still possess that indomitable egotism, chastened and etherealized. Although I want no patron, I do often long for some form of endeavor at which unrecognized and uncrowned dreamers might live and still work towards their aims, instead of being compelled to engage in occupations at variance with their ideals.

I left home and friends to follow my muse into strange regions where I might be independent of custom and opinion. I walk entranced as if in a higher sphere where bodily wants and ills vanish and I may live on a crust and dreams. I stop and labor in various industries to gain means of sustenance on the way, but the power that rules me will not allow me to become involved in any ordinary business long enough to achieve success. I am a failure in a worldly sense. Little matters it so long as the soul develops and aspires and identifies itself with the Eternal Progress. E.

Birmingham, Ala., January 14.

BERGSON AND THE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his article on Bergson (*Nation,* November 14, 1912), Professor Babbitt has said that his interest lies "in the contention that Bergsonism and similar tendencies are on their constructive side 'humanistic' or 'religious,'" and since there is so much talk just now in church circles about Bergson, this note may be acceptable. It may seem unnecessary to say that the Christian tradition, while appreciating to the full the flux and turmoil of the "Many," leads men above all to the "One"; for its heroes are those who, passing through great tribulations in this present world, enter that peace which the world cannot give, and which is only found, as Dante has said, "in his will." Yet this truth needs to be expressed with emphasis; for I have heard, to take a concrete example, Bergson's distinction between intuition and intellect described as Pauline. Now, though St. Paul did have a "vital impulse" on the road to Damascus, nevertheless he devoted three years to "vital control" in Arabia. The proportion in time is significant. In a flash, in a moment, in a twinkling of the eye, came the intuition; and then in three, long, solitary years came the stern examination and severe reflection.

The experience of the apostle has been also the experience of Christianity. Appreciating profoundly the vital impulse, the immediate contact with the Eternal, it has also rigorously emphasized the vital control, the discipline of severe thought, the

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rule of an ordered life. Here it is one with Platonism. It has gloriously confessed, as in Schleiermacher, that religion is rooted in feeling, but it has also sternly insisted upon the government of reason and the sovereignty of the will.

"The Church *welcomes* Bergson's attack upon scientific dogmatism, but it understands quite clearly that her tradition leads men through time to the Eternal, through the Many to the One, through man to God.

WARREN S. ARCHIBALD.

Pittsfield, Mass., January 29.

A FORERUNNER OF THE MODERN SLEEPING-CAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his "Ansichten vom Niederrhein" Georg Forster, writing from Brussels in the spring of 1790, describes briefly a carriage factory which he thinks is "probably the only one of its kind in Europe." Among other things he refers to the high, well-lighted rooms of the factory, to the regulations which are posted on the walls, and to the system of fines and rewards which is in force. But what impresses him particularly is the fact that in the travelling-coach, which is there produced, the limited space is utilized to an "almost incredible degree." He declares: "For a person who is forced to undertake frequent prolonged journeys, I know nothing more indispensable than a *Reisewagen*, such as I have here seen, within which one finds assembled a table, a bed, and all conceivable conveniences." We are further informed that Mr. Simon, the proprietor, has usually from twenty to thirty of these vehicles in stock and that he sells his product largely to the various European courts.

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

University of Wisconsin, January 26.

Literature

A NOTABLE FAMILY.

Michael Heilprin and his Sons: A Biography. By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Three lives of singular beauty and amplitude are unfolded here. The first twenty years of Michael Heilprin's life were spent in Russian Poland, and he was a lad of seven when the Polish Revolution of 1830 occurred. His biographer tells us that he who usually poured himself out unreservedly in friendly talk "was comparatively reticent concerning his experiences in Poland." Nevertheless, they remained an important influence in his life. In 1842, his parents and their family, including himself and his wife, removed to Miskolcz, Hungary. The love he conceived for the land of Kossuth, Petöfi, and Deák, never abated, and from him it passed to his children. An ardent supporter of the Hungarian Revolution, he was appointed secretary to the literary bureau of the Department of the Interior under Minister Szemere, and shared the fortunes of the Hungarian Government until its collapse. Escaping capture by the Austrians, he spent a short time in France, returned to Hungary, and then joined Kossuth in England, whence, in 1856, he emigrated to the United States with his wife and children.

After two years of teaching, in Philadelphia, he was connected with Appletons, revising the two editions of their Cyclopædia. Except from 1863 to 1865, when he kept a bookshop in Washington, as he had in Miskolcz, he lived in and near New York. During his residence in Washington he began to produce that notable body of anonymous critical work which constitutes his chief contribution to literature. Much the larger part of it appeared, from 1865 to 1888, the year of his death, in the *Nation*. He was, above all, a scholar and a sage, one to whose learning and wisdom there clung no mustiness of the closet. He was attracted by such disparate fields as Biblical science and modern European politics and history. His contributions to Appleton's American Cyclopædia are amazing in variety, number, and value. Any article of those reprinted in the book illustrates his ability to marshal a stupendous array of facts and to develop from them a philosophy of history and life. Minute geographical knowledge, dependent on a rare memory, earned for his reviews of the Franco-Prussian War the admiration of a professional strategist. In the several periods of his life he used, with fluency amounting to eloquence, German, Polish, Hungarian, and English, as the languages of intercourse, and he was master of a dozen literatures in their original languages. Only a scholar with his profound and sympathetic understanding of Hebrew could have made the spirited English translations of Biblical passages that appear in the two volumes on the "Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews."

His private life ordered itself peacefully. One feels in this record of it that the goings and comings of his family were unhurried. His children, reared in his spirit, were all five his collaborators. The wife and daughters were, besides, eyes to him on the frequent occasions when his own failed him. Love of nature, of music, of literature, of social intercourse, were his sources of enjoyment; Jewish scholars, political heroes, men of letters and science, the coterie of Hungarian refugees, and the unfortunate of all nations, were his associates. His force was not derived from institutions or organizations; he enjoyed thorough independence. His tolerance forbade propagandism of his vegetarian principles, and his modesty made him considerate of a child's individuality. Private woes found him patient; private contrarieties, humorous. And in his boundless enthusiasms he was the most lovable of men.

His end was hastened by superhuman exertions in behalf of the Jewish refugees from Russia after 1881. They turned to him instinctively for counsel and succor. He knew the rock whence they were hewn, and was mindful of the conditions that had rendered them homeless. He could and did interpret their sorrows and their ideals to themselves as well as to others. When they were assailed in a public gathering of Jews, he rose and said simply, "I am a Polish Jew. I belong to that despised race." Before their importunities he himself became a fugitive, fleeing to a suburban home, at Summit, N. J. The impetus he gave to the movement for agricultural settlements is his lasting achievement in their behalf. Its present success is due partly to his personal efforts, joined with those of other public-spirited Jews, partly to the striking memorial (p. 214) drawn up by him at the suggestion of Mr. Oscar S. Straus. The latter resulted in the American Baron de Hirsch Fund, with its intelligent provisions.

The sons, Louis and Angelo, whose biographies fill the second half of Mr. Pollak's volume, were of the father's spirit as well as of his flesh. Their knowledge was as comprehensive and detailed as his own. The father's cheerful endurance was in Louis emphasized into the gentlest form of stoicism, in Angelo heightened on the one side into captivating gayety of spirits, on the other into the intrepidity of the investigator of Mont Pelée and rescuer of Peary. The father's love of nature reappeared in Angelo as the creative force of one of the foremost American scientists. Both, indeed, were endowed with originative faculties. Angelo was the inventor of several mechanical devices, and his musical sense was noteworthy. His pictures in oil colors, especially those representing the eruption of Mont Pelée, won the commendation of connoisseurs, and among the family treasures are crayon sketches of landscapes by Louis. Neither brother had had more than the most elementary instruction in the technique of painting, and Louis was handicapped by eyesight so weak that he was never able to read longer than a few minutes at a time. Yet through the devotion of his sisters he was equipped with the varied information that qualified him to be, at twenty-two, assistant encyclopædist to his father, later sole reviser of two encyclopædias, compiler of the Historical Reference Book, and, with his brother, of Lippincott's World Gazetteer. Besides, he gave attention to engineering and transportation problems, to educational discussions, and, like his father, to the questions connected with the Danubian Principalities and the Ottoman Empire. When one has said that he was born in 1851 and died in Febru-

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ary, 1912, the external events of his life have virtually been summed up. The rest was all spiritual—invincible modesty, fortitude, intellectual achievement, charitable endeavor, devotion to civic tasks.

But Angelo had a career full of stirring incident and public honor. In 1876, the revision of the Cyclopædia having been completed, he went to Europe to study the natural sciences under Huxley, Judd, Etheridge, and Vogt. After a visit to his own Hungarian and his father's Russian home, he settled in Philadelphia. What followed is fresh in the memory of the reader: his connection with the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia as curator-in-charge, professor of invertebrate palæontology, and professor of geology; the lectureship in physical geography at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University; the West Greenland expedition; the Peary relief expedition; the three visits to Martinique; the travels in Bermuda, Mexico, Alaska, the Klondike, and British Guiana; his untimely death, in 1907, at the age of fifty-four; his long list of works on geology, palæontology, and related subjects, written in a fluent, lively style. Worldly allurements had no more power over him than over the others. Like them, he responded to civic claims, and was unfaltering in danger and affliction.

The biographer, Michael Heilprin's son-in-law, has accomplished his labor of love with the loyalty and restraint that would have won the approval of his subjects. The value of his memorial is enhanced by sketches of the father, sister, and brother of Michael Heilprin, all remarkable in their way, though less in the public eye than the main figures. It is particularly gratifying that some of the scattered articles by the three writers have been perpetuated here. Else we should have had, in signed form, only two works from the pen of Michael Heilprin, both Biblical, the "Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews," mentioned before, and "Bibelkritische Notizen," issued posthumously.

CURRENT FICTION.

This Stage of Fools. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

One Man's View. The same.

Now that Mr. Merrick has fairly dawned upon us in America, we are doubtless fated to read him to his last—and his first—word. "This Stage of Fools" represents him in an early phase. Very few of the short tales which make up the book are of merit. They are like the first stories of most other writers—random studies in various directions—experiments casually undertaken on the off chance that they may or may not amount to something. The young Mr. Merrick, like the young Mr. Kipling, shifts between conscious "cynicism" and unconscious sentimentalism. Unlike him, he is uncertain and roving in manner, and lacks the touch of genius which made "Plain Tales from the Hills" something quite different from a reprint of brilliant "copy." Two or three of the tales grouped under the title "This Stage of Fools" are striking in one way or other, but chiefly as clever practice, by a new and doubtful hand, at the somewhat overplayed game of fiction.

"One Man's View," on the contrary, is the work of a practiced writer. The theme might have been chosen by Henry James. Heriot, a successful English barrister approaching middle age, is thrown into contact, during a holiday, with a girl who, first among all girls, takes his fancy. Mamie Cheriton is the stage-struck daughter of a well-to-do American. She likes Heriot, but will not marry him, till the bitterness of her failure to set foot even upon the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder leaves her, passive for the moment, in his hands. She becomes attached to him, but he proves a humdrum husband, and they have few interests in common. The speechless tête-à-tête of domestic life bores her. Interest in the stage revives, she aspires to be a playwright, and, with one thing and another, easily falls prey to a real master of the craft, a popular playwright who pretends interest in her work because he covets her person. (Is it becoming a convention with novelists that the playwright is a cynic and a voluptuary?) Elopement and divorce are followed by the death of the villain, and poor Mamie is condemned to a drab existence in a dingy Bloomsbury boarding-house, with a kind-hearted but otherwise insufferable aunt. Five years later her father's death brings her to America.

Meanwhile Heriot has applied himself grimly to his task, has become M.P. and Solicitor-General, and, feeling the emptiness of his home, is inclined to marry again. A well-bred and in every way eligible partner presents herself. He tries to say the necessary word, but cannot; and on a steamer returning from America finds the wreck of his wife, ill, disheartened, not expecting or wishing to live long. The circumstances bring freedom of speech, it becomes clear that their mutual love, which has lived and grown in spite of all, is the one thing worth living for, and Heriot again gives his name to the woman who has never ceased to be the wife of his heart. That this romantic act on the part of a cold, hard-headed Englishman (as the world has seen him) should be made to seem reasonable and right—that Mamie's recovery of health should be made to seem a blessing—are feats which attest the skill and power of Mr. Merrick's interpretation.

The House of Peace. By Michael Wood. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The story-teller is supposed to be son of an English couple of shady reputation. Their country house is frequented by a gambling set, but shunned by the county families. Their mother lives upon pleasure and excitement; the father, a dull, good-natured materialist, never interferes with her. The son, by remote heredity, is born a mystic and a devotee. To him in adolescence comes as tutor a young man of birth and breeding, dropped from society for a single fault, but sound in heart and mind. The pair become devoted, but the tutor, though he remains in the household for eight years, at once arouses the antagonism of the mother. The cause is trivial, but in time the woman's hatred becomes an obsession. She swears to accomplish his ruin, commits a crime in order to throw the weight of it on his shoulders, and hounds him even in prison with such diabolical skill that he comes out a physical and mental ruin. Meantime, the son, assailed by spiritual foes, is brought to the verge of insanity, when chance throws him into the hands of a more robust mystic, who has founded a House of Peace—a retreat for the life of contemplation. Here the young devotee finds himself at home—achieves peace. And hither at last wanders what is left of his old friend and teacher, to spend in safety and content the few days that remain to him. It is left for the woman who has virtually murdered him to be dealt with: she also is destined to find light and peace. We are to regard her story as an instance of demoniac possession. The tone of the whole narrative is a trifle strained. The reader must determine for himself whether its net effect is of spiritual force or of morbid religionism. One figure, that of Father Standish, master of the House of Peace, stands out, strong and sane, against the somewhat wavering background.

The Shadow. By Arthur Stringer. New York: The Century Co.

A better name for this high-tensioned tale of crime and retribution would have been the "Chase." Mr. Stringer's police hero is precisely not of the type of detective who attains his end by the critique of pure-reason. This is simply a story of a mad pursuit, in which the game is always within sight of the hound, and the interest consists solely in the mere physical breathlessness of the chase, plus the speculation as to how soon the victim will feel the fangs of the pur-

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suer. In this mad flight the author has inserted the necessary breathing spaces in the form of dramatic episode. There is a fight in a Macao opium den which is as ruddy a bit of slaughtering as we remember coming across for many a day in fiction. Gradually as the story advances, the psychological element twines itself into the narrative of train schedules and sudden death, until towards the end Mr. Stringer's Blake, from a common and efficient "bull," changes to something of an elemental force. The New York policeman ends up as a very distinct likeness to Victor Hugo's Monsieur Javert in "Les Misérables." Mr. Stringer's style usually presents a rich ornateness which is in piquant contrast to the grisly subject-matter. But in the present instance, and in the early chapters especially, this pretty affectation is carried to a wearying extreme. As the author warms to his own tale the mannerism sloughs off.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $1.50 each.

The first of these volumes contains Moody's poetry, including his poetic dramas; the second, his two plays in prose. Each volume has a portrait by way of frontispiece; and the entire edition is prefaced with an introduction by Prof. J. M. Manly. On the whole, it is a commendable edition of a very creditable body of literary work. To be sure, Professor Manly's introduction hardly closes with the subject in its critical aspects—perhaps, it is just as well that it does not, for not only is admiration more becoming on the part of a friend, but it may be that criticism is as yet so premature as to seem in any case little better than impertinent. Nevertheless, the publication of such a collection appears to call for that kind of tentative appraisal which is alone possible at the moment.

That Moody has produced a quantity of meritorious work is not to be denied; nor is the quality of that work to be minimized or slighted in any wise. At the same time the actual amount which has anything like a fair chance of permanent and enduring success, is comparatively limited. From such a list it would be necessary to omit the two plays in prose—"The Great Divide" and "The Faith Healer." Notwithstanding the vitality of the naked human motive, they both lean too heavily upon what is, after all, only accidental and momentary: their vesture is liable to change and fashion. While in print they show certain dramatic weaknesses which were no doubt responsible for the stage failure of "The Faith Healer" and which seems to have affected the longevity even of "The Great Divide." In spite, then, of whatever ability Moody may have shown in his prose dramas—and it must not be assumed from this hasty analysis that such ability was small or inconsiderable—still it is upon his poetry that the permanency of his reputation must depend.

From this point of view, again, it is necessary to dismiss his poetic dramas also—"The Fire Bringer," "The Masque of Judgment," and "The Death of Eve." There is no use in quibbling over words; but as a matter of characterization it is only fair to say that drama is a misnomer for these products of the imagination. They are gigantic and grandiose symbols of a semi-metaphysical speculation, like the "Prometheus Unbound." Indeed, "The Masque of Judgment" is very like Shelley's "Prometheus"; it has the same impalpability and inactuality, the same tantalizing inconclusiveness and irrelevance. In justice to the poet, however, it should be added that the three pieces were intended to form a trilogy, whose thesis, according to Professor Manly, consists in the necessity of man to God as of God to man. Unfortunately, the last number, "The Death of Eve," was never completed, and remains a fragment in one act. No doubt, the intelligibility of the entire performance has suffered from this circumstance; but it is hard to believe that in any case the trilogy would ever have attained to the lucidity and convincingness of great poetry. As it is, it is very curious, often very cunning, full of technical stratagems, interspersed with noble lines; but strangely inaccessible and reticent.

What remains, then, is the poet's lyric verse, to use the rather rough classification usual in English. And here, there can be no question, Moody is at his best. To be sure, his lyrics, like his poetic dramas, are somewhat lacking in transparency and immediacy. The image has come in many cases to override the idea until it is no longer a figure but a symbol. In this way there is something almost allegorical and even enigmatical about much of his verse, like "The Quarry" and "The Beast," or even "The Moon-Moth." Even the "Ode in the Time of Hesitation," fine poem as it is, perhaps one of Moody's finest, suffers from a similar drawback. It is so hard to revive the circumstances and passions which inspired it—the circumstances and passions of 1900—that even now its appeal is remote and abstract. The fact is that Moody's quality is never simplicity; his significance lies rather in his manner of reproducing a complicated state of consciousness even in the presence of plain and familiar objects. In this respect he is curiously modern and representative. As a result his sentiment frequently seems dubious and equivocal, as in his lines to his mother's picture, called "The Daguerreotype," which is full of ambiguous and unsettling suggestions. In a certain kind of subject, however, this clash of incongruous moods produces an effective sort of irony—a kind of grim cosmical humor—which is, after all, Moody's most original and powerful note. This is the case in particular when the contrasting points of view are physical and moral; when from contemplation of the natural order as interpreted by science, the poet shifts suddenly to the vision of humanity, with all its infirmities and perplexities. Such chords occur again and again, in "Gloucester Moors" and elsewhere; but their most conspicuous illustration is found in "Old Pourquoi," and still better in these stanzas, called "The Menagerie":

And suddenly as in a flash of light,
I saw great Nature working out her plan;
Through all her shapes from mastodon to mite
Forever groping, testing, passing on
To find at last the shape and soul of Man. . . .

Here, round about me, were her vagrant births;
Sick dreams she had, fierce projects she essayed;
Her qualms, her fiery pride, her crazy mirths;
The troublings of her spirit as she strayed,
Cringed, gloated, mocked, was lordly, was afraid,

On that long road she went to seek mankind;
Here were the darkling coverts that she beat
To find the Hider she was sent to find;
Here the distracted footprints of her feet
Whereby her soul's Desire she came to greet. . . .

Helpless I stood among those awful cages;
The beasts were walking loose, and I was bagged!
I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
Goal of heroic feet that never lagged,—
A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Germany and the Next War. By Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi. Translated by Allen H. Powles. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

The German Emperor and the Peace of the World. By Alfred H. Fried (Nobel Peace Prize). With a preface by Norman Angell. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2 net.

Friedrich von Bernhardi, a German general and military writer of some distinction, thinks that the time has come to reawaken the war-like instincts of his countrymen. Knowing that "the Germans are born business men," he tries to convince them that war alone has made possible the tremendous industrial and commercial development of their country. Victorious wars, he argues, have never disturbed business life.

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His philosophy, however, does not permit him to base his advocacy of war solely on material grounds. War, according to him, is "the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power," and military service "develops the intellectual and moral qualities generally," whereas the desire for peace has rendered "most civilized nations anæmic." Thus the task "which Providence has set before the German people as the greatest civilized people known to history" becomes plain. With Treitschke as his political guide and prophet, and with the help of the law of the survival of the fittest, the elaboration of the General's thesis offers no difficulties. German infallibility in war, under proper conditions, being assumed, the only question before Gen. Bernhardi's countrymen is, Shall they always have a big enough army and navy to catch the enemy unawares?

There seems to be some doubt in the author's mind as to the nation with whom Germany will have to wage the next war, but none as to need of its being "war to the knife." It may be France, or Russia, or both combined; but in all probability it will be England, as to whose policy Gen. Bernhardi cherishes no illusion. "We must realize to ourselves that it is guided exclusively by unscrupulous selfishness, that it shrinks from no means of accomplishing its aims, and thus shows admirable diplomatic skill." The only flaw from England's point of view which he discovers in British diplomacy, was "the unpardonable blunder of not supporting the Southern States in the American War of Secession"—an oversight which resulted in the present "difficulty of her relations with North America."

There is nothing very surprising in all this talk, with which the Blatchfords in England, the Bourgets and Déroulèdes in France, and the Homer Leas in our own country have made us familiar. Gen. Bernhardi's appeal to his countrymen contains the usual amount of biological and economic nonsense, not unmixed, we submit, with fantastic military strategy. We hear that "international arbitration denies the inexorability of natural laws," and are told that "a pronounced superiority of our [the German] air-fleet over the English would contribute largely to equalize the difference in strength of the two navies more and more during the course of the war." Gen. Bernhardi thinks it necessary to fortify his position by seemingly apt quotations from Schiller and Goethe, in some of which a warlike meaning, entirely foreign to the original, is conveyed by the juxtaposition with his own text. Thus, immediately after saying that "the instinct of self-preservation leads inevitably to war," we have Goethe's lines, bunglingly translated as

> That which thou didst inherit from the sires,
> In order to possess it, must be won,

where the original, *erwirb es, um es zu besitzen*, justifies no such interpretation as the General would give it. As against the warlike and intensely patriotic Goethe of Gen. Bernhardi's imagination we venture to call up the Goethe who said (we translate from Eckermann's "Gespräche"):

> How could I, to whom the question of culture and barbarism alone is of importance, hate a nation (the French) which is among the most cultured of the world, and to which I owe so large a part of my own culture? National hatred is indeed a peculiar thing. It is always found most pronounced and violent where civilization is lowest. But there is a stage of culture where it vanishes altogether, where one stands, so to say, above all nations, and feels the happiness and the sorrows of a neighboring people as much as if they were part of one's own. This degree of culture was in accord with my nature, and I had become confirmed in these views before I had reached my sixtieth year.

In his volume on "The German Emperor and the Peace of the World" Herr Fried, the leader of German pacifists, describes the gradual development of William II from a "war lord" into a "peace-maker." He does not, however, depict him as, even in his later years, a uniformly consistent and uncompromising apostle of peace. After enumerating many of the Emperor's most striking utterances on the subject of war and peace, Herr Fried is still forced to admit that "the Emperor William is a problem that must be explained," and that he appears to him essentially an "inexplicable paradox." This cautious attitude is not conducive to the making of an inspiring book, but it was nevertheless worth while to place before the world, in a certain progression, facts showing the peaceful inclinations of one of the most powerful of modern rulers. Perhaps the most unequivocal remarks of the Emperor in support of his present attitude were made in his London speech, in 1907, when he declared it to be his duty not only to maintain peace, but to "promote" it and "place it upon a firm footing." This, at all events, marked great progress since the days of the first Hague Conference, in 1899, when, as is well known, but for the vigorous representations of Mr. Andrew D. White to Count Muenster and Count von Bülow, and through them to the Emperor, his opposition to arbitration would have defeated the main purpose of the conference.

All in all, the world cannot withhold from William II the credit of having hitherto kept Germany in the paths of peace, in spite of strong provocation, both from within and without, to resort to arms on more than one occasion. It may be doubted, however, whether his course will commend itself to German patriots of the stripe of Gen. Bernhardi, who must look upon his monarch as something of a traitor to the German cause.

Mémoire de Marie Caroline, Reine de Naples. Publié par R. M. Johnston. (Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. XVI, Documentary Series, I.) Cambridge: Harvard University. $2.

More than half a dozen years ago, when Professor Johnston was writing his "Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy," he made some use of a couple of mysterious manuscript volumes which he had discovered in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Naples (number X. AA. 19, 20). No one knew where they had come from nor when they had been acquired by the library, probably not earlier than about 1880, Mr. Johnston thinks. They were entitled, "De la Révolution du royaume de Sicile. . . . Par un témoin oculaire bien instruit des faits et qui en a soigneusement recueilli les détails." Further study has confirmed Mr. Johnston in his original belief that this anonymous "témoin oculaire" was none other than Marie Caroline herself, that extraordinary and unfortunate Queen of Naples. He thinks that she composed this memoir in order to present her case and that of her family to the Congress of Vienna; she did, in fact, journey to Vienna, but died there a few weeks before the Congress actually convened. In his preface he is at pains to present so many arguments in favor of his theory of the Queen's authorship, that one at first almost suspects that he is trying hard to bolster up a poor case. And, in fact, his argument, so far as based on the style, which is not that of a native French writer, on the handwriting, a page of which is reproduced in facsimile for comparison with a facsimile letter unquestionably written by the Queen, and on certain passages which coincide with the known sentiments of the Queen, does not carry conviction. On the other hand, the minute descriptions of events in which the Queen took part and of which she unconsciously gives certain circumstantial details of a kind no one else would be likely to know or record, the way in which she always refers to herself in the third person, and certain other internal evidences, leave no room for doubt that Mr. Johnston is quite right in believing that Marie Caroline herself wrote this important memoir now edited as the first volume of a documentary series of the Harvard Historical Studies.

Marie Caroline, one of the ill-fated children of Maria Theresa, and sister of Marie Antoinette, had, in 1768 at the age of sixteen, been married to the Bourbon, Ferdinand IV of Naples. She soon proved so much more energetic and domineering than her husband, that he

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became a puppet in her hands. Forced by the French, in February, 1806, to flee from Naples to Palermo, the royal pair were supported in Sicily against Napoleon and Murat by the arms and subsidies of Great Britain, whose agent for the purpose was Sir William Bentinck. Scarcely had the alliance been signed between Great Britain and Sicily, when Bentinck and Marie Caroline began a bitter fencing contest for domination over the King and the island of Sicily. Bentinck believed the Queen to be in treacherous correspondence with England's enemies; this Marie Caroline emphatically denies in her memoir; she, on her side, believed that Bentinck was acting beyond his instructions from England and was trying to annex Sicily as a British possession; it is not clear on which side lay the real truth. But, at any rate, Bentinck had the advantage of possessing money and troops. The weak King was induced to resign his authority into the hands of a regent, a new constitution for Sicily modelled on that of England was hastily adopted, and the poor Queen, defeated and sick, was exiled from the island as the only sure means of ending her opposition and intrigues. At the moment set for her departure she made a last effort to avoid exile by invoking a bleeding tooth and a bilious fever and demanding delay for the arrival of a doctor; but the English captain sent by Bentinck took out his watch and gave her just thirty minutes to get on board the ship which was to take her to Constantinople on her way to Vienna. Naturally, in her memoir "this furious woman with a rapid utterance" and an easy-flowing splenetic pen does not fail to express her opinion of "ce maudit Bentinck." After referring to him variously as despot, tyrant, satrap, vandal, and as insolent, insulting, immoral, ombrageux, farouche, énergumène, implacable dans ses vengeances, and écumant de rage, she concludes, "Je regrette seulement de ne pas trouver de termes assez énergiques pour le caractériser comme il mériterait de l'être."

The memoir as a whole, in spite of its special pleading, is a valuable addition to our knowledge, not only of Bentinck and Marie Caroline, but also of the course of events in Sicily during the Napoleonic period. Mr. Johnston has added further to its value by an explanatory preface in French and by supplementary notes drawn from Bentinck's papers at Welbeck Abbey and from some material in the British and Neapolitan archives, as well as from the numerous *pièces justificatives* with which Marie Caroline herself had fortified the second volume of her manuscript. It is a pity that the index is merely an index of persons and not of subjects, for the memoir contains much of interest in regard to finance and constitutional government, besides local Sicilian politics and international relations during the Napoleonic period.

John Stuart, Earl of Bute. By J. A. Lovat-Fraser, M.A. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 80 cents.

The difficulty of writing contemporary history is well illustrated by our rapidly changing interpretation of the measures and men of eighteenth-century politics. The events of that century were so closely connected with the development of the nineteenth, the older animosities were so closely related to the factious strife of the latter-day politics, that it was impossible for even the most historical-minded writer to judge the earlier times dispassionately. Only to-day does a clearer vision begin to correct the partisan thunderings of Edmund Burke and the gossiping denunciations of Horace Walpole.

The Earl of Bute has suffered more than any of his political associates from the acceptance of contemporary denunciation. After he had undergone the vituperations of the pamphleteers in the years from 1760 to 1763, his apparent place in politics was finally established by the brilliant pen of Edmund Burke in his famous pamphlet, "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontent," wherein Bute was denounced as the secret and evil genius of George III, the power behind the throne, the manipulator of the strings of the puppet Ministers. Later historians have too generally forgotten that the pamphlet was the platform of a defeated faction, a platform which had undergone the severest criticism and revision by the factious leaders before its publication.

One may pass over the justification of the Earl of Bute by earlier Tory historians, since their work was due to partisan zeal, although their portrayal of his character and activities was more nearly correct than was that of their Whig opponents. The first true estimate of this victim of factious warfare was made in a small pamphlet by Dr. von Ruville in 1895 and was expanded in his great "Life of William Pitt." In spite of British criticism of this work on account of the alleged depreciation of Pitt, Von Ruville's analysis of the political world of the eighteenth century is becoming more and more the point of departure for further investigations; and this essay by Mr. Lovat-Fraser is an attempt to popularize the new portrait of the much-maligned Earl of Bute, a portrait which is generally accepted by modern historians.

The Earl was a fresh figure in the world of politics at the close of the reign of George II and was viewed with suspicion by the "standpat" politicians of the great Whig families who, since the death of Queen Anne, had been united in a ring for the control of government and of opportunities for graft. Besides the followers of the Prince of Wales, of whom the Earl of Bute became the leader, there was also outside the ring the small body of discontented Whigs, who looked to William Pitt for leadership. Since the fortune of these two factions depended on the overthrow of the ring, it was natural that they should unite; and the reorganization of the Ministry in 1757, which gave Pitt the golden opportunity to display his talents as Minister during the Seven Years' War, was the consequence.

When George III succeeded to the throne in 1760, Lord Bute came into a position of great power, which gave him the opportunity to carry out reforms supported by his royal master and the Princess Dowager. Bute was an enthusiast and a dreamer. To the loyal attachment of a Scotch clansman to his leader, he joined a dilettante's love of reform. He would play the part of a second Sully to George the Third's Henry IV. His enthusiasm awakened in the rather sluggish mind of his master dreams of being a great reform king. It was the age of "enlightened despotism," and why should not the young King become the regenerator of the British world, the organizer of a vast empire upon which the sun did not set? He would become the founder of an imperial system in the Far East and would create fresh centres of British population on the banks of the Mississippi; and the whole should be united by the development of a new ideal of monarchy.

The new monarchy was the foundation upon which the magnificent structure was to be raised; and to this idea the King and his Minister gave their first attention. Their text-book had already been written. Bolingbroke's "Patriot King" was to be put into practice; the world should see a king rising superior to parties and choosing his Ministers for merit alone, who would receive the universal approval of the people because they promoted only those measures that made for the *summum bonum* of the whole.

But first a very practical problem in politics confronted the Earl of Bute; he must annihilate the political ring of the Whig aristocracy. For his purposes conditions were favorable. The ring had been broken, after the death of Pelham in 1754, into numerous factions, each struggling to gain the upper hand. Bute's solution of the problem, in fact, did not lead to the visionary government of Bolingbroke, but created a new faction, that of the court, which was bound together by the strong hope of lucrative sinecures. Of this court faction the nucleus was the "king's friends," to which were added indepen-

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dent or unattached Whigs and many Tories; and by it George III was enabled to take an independent part in the game of politics. In time it became so strong that, by uniting with only one other faction, it controlled a majority in both Houses. In the history of practical politics this is the one achievement of the Earl of Bute.

Bute himself was not made on an heroic plan. To put in operation his dreams of reform, or even to carry out the destruction of the Whig ring, required a man of "blood and iron," but the Earl was a weakling, rash and timid by turns. Lord Shelburne, who knew him well, called him the greatest political coward he ever knew, and the estimate is supported by the act of Lord Bute in laying down his Ministerial dignity in 1763 before he had actually started to put through his measures. Such a man could not long remain the manipulator of the political strings, and before the year expired he was politically dead. His last interference of any moment in the affairs of state was in August, 1763, when he attempted to organize a Ministry under William Pitt, which seems to have been regarded by him as the nearest approach to his ideal attainable. The fiction of his continued interference in politics for many years has been perpetuated by the credulity of Whig historians; the only justification for it is in the fact that the engine which he created in the court faction increased in strength, and under the hands of George III and Lord North attained preëminent position in the Ministry.

Notes

The University of Chicago Press is about to issue an English edition of August Bebel's autobiography entitled "My Life."

During the month Macmillan will bring out three novels—"One Woman's Life," by Robert Herrick; "Vanishing Points," by Alice Brown, and "The Impeachment of President Israels," by Frank B. Copley.

New books which will be published in February by Forbes & Co. include: "Divorcing Lady Nicotine," by Henry Beach Needham, and "Women as World-Builders," by Floyd Dell.

The announcements of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "Organized Democracy" (American Citizen series), by Frederick A. Cleveland; "Confessions of a Convert," by Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson; "Sermon Notes," by Cardinal Newman; "The Ministry of the Word," by Canon W. C. E. Newbolt; "A Book of Devotional Readings from the Literature of Christendom," edited by the Rev. J. M. Connell; "Anti-Christ and Other Sermons," by John Neville Figgis, and "Catholicism and Life," by the Rev. C. H. Sharpe.

The following novels are promised this month by Little, Brown & Co.: "The Maiden Manifest," by Miss Della Campbell MacLeod; "Day of Days," by Louis Joseph Vance, and "On Board the Beatic," by Anna Chapin Ray.

The Century Co. is bringing out: "Pippin," a tale of London streets by Evelyn Van Buren; "The Story of Panama," by Farnham Bishop, and a new book of short stories by Jack London, called "The Night Born," from the title of the first story.

Among Scribner's forthcoming books are the following: "The Penalty," the first novel by the short-story writer, Gouverneur Morris; "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, jr.; "Witching Hill," by E. W. Hornung; "Helen Redeemed, and Other Poems," by Maurice Hewlett, and Christopher Hare's "Maximilian the Dreamer: Holy Roman Emperor, 1495-1519."

Gov. Woodrow Wilson's book "The New Freedom" will be issued shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The same house has in press: "The Spirit of American Literature," by John Albert Macy, and "Composition," by Prof. Arthur Wesley Dow.

Within the next few weeks Holt will have ready: Henri Lichtenberger's "The Evolution of Modern Germany," and selections of Bruno's "Le Tour de la France," edited for schools by Prof. V. E. François.

The World Book Co., of Yonkers, will bring out immediately "How New York City Administers its Schools," by Ernest C. Moore, professor of education at Yale.

February 26 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin Company for the following publications: "Pan-Germanism," by Roland G. Usher; "W. A. G.'s Tale," by Margaret Turnbull; "The Reasonableness of the Religion of Jesus," Dr. W. S. Rainsford; "Goethe's Key to Faust," by William P. Andrews; "Sappho and the Island of Lesbos," by Mary Mills Patrick; "Mohammed, the Great Arabian," by Meredith Townsend; "With the Victorious Bulgarians," by Lieut. Hermenegild Wagner, and "Australasia," a new volume in the English People Over Seas series, by A. Wyatt Tilby.

W. J. Watt & Company promise for next week "A Song of Sixpence," a novel by Frederick Arnold Kummer.

Among the books shortly to come from the Putnam press are included: "The Adventures of Miss Gregory," by Perceval Gibbon; "The Burning Question," a novel, by Grace Denio Litchfield; "Along the Road," by A. C. Benson; "Montaigne's Essays," selected and edited by Adolphe Cohn; "Rabelais's Gargantua and Pantagruel," in the translation of Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Motteux, selected and edited by Curtis Hidden Page; "The Political Debates Between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas," with an introduction by George Haven Putnam; "Mishnah: A Digest of the Basic Principles of Jewish Jurisprudence," translated and annotated by Hyman E. Goldin, and "Comparative Religion" (Cambridge Manuals of Science series), by F. B. Jevons.

Mr. A. V. Dicey has completed a study of the Home Rule bill, in which, while showing sympathy for Irish parties, he contends that the bill just passed is ineffectual and dangerous. The volume, called "A Fool's Paradise," will be an addition to Murray's Questions of the Day series, and will be issued immediately.

The Proceedings, just issued, of the meeting held in Washington, last April, by the American Society of International Law, contains a translation of the paper read by that venerable authority, Professor Fiore, of Naples. He asserts that the future of international law rests in large measure with Americans. Senator Lodge, remembering that since the Jay Treaty, in 1794, eighty-four arbitration agreements have been entered into by the United States, makes the point that every treaty under which an actual settlement has been reached is more important than any number of general treaties that merely promise arbitration. He thinks that to force a nation into arbitration is not likely to be successful. Judge George Gray, though agreeing in a general way with Senator Lodge, cannot conceive of any controversy arising between two highly civilized Powers which could not be peaceably settled. While the Senate is not criticised, the rights of that body seem to him to have been sufficiently safeguarded to remove general treaties from the dangers which Mr. Lodge foresees. On one point he is quite definite: after an award has been made, to submit to a popular vote the question of a possible withdrawal from the consequences of the award, would result in anarchy. He brands as a delusion the theory that the law of the land, once it is announced by the Supreme Court or by any other tribunal provided for under the Constitution, can rightly be reviewed by the people. Democracy has been rendered practicable by the determination of the people to limit their own power. Under no other method has a democratic government proved to be stable.

To those who are willing to take their Montessori at second hand, Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother" (Holt) may be recommended as a readable and pleasing book containing much common sense and not more nonsense than must be expected from an enthusiastic disciple. The book has the advantage of bringing the Montessori doctrine home to the mother, to whom, indeed, it chiefly belongs, and also of suggesting many ways in which it may be put into practice in the ordinary household without the use of formal "apparatus." To some mothers it may seem more than ever clear that Dr. Montessori has placed her trade-mark upon what has been recognized as common sense, with an omission only of the common-sense qualifications; but they will probably conclude that common sense is not less acceptable under the guise of "the Montessori method." It is somewhat interesting to hear that Dr. Montessori is no longer regarded as an authority in Italy, only one small school, or "children's house," being now completely under her charge.

Commenting on an earlier section of the "Oxford English Dictionary," we observed that though the new work far surpassed all predecessors in the number of illustrative quotations, yet in the proportion of quotations to recorded words it had not outstripped Johnson's. The double section before us, however, SENATORY-SEVERAL (Frowde), by Henry Bradley, with its 2,119 words and 14,620 quotations, leaves even Johnson well to the rear, with his 186 words and 906 quotations. This number is notable as containing the longest article in the Dic-

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tionary, that on the verb *set*, which in its remarkable variety of senses and idiomatic combinations runs to about 55 columns. Though a large percentage of the words are of Latin stock, there are a few trophies from the gorgeous East, such as *sepoy, serai, scrung, scraskier, serdab, serpet*, to remind one that the relation between, say, the East India Company and the English language and literature would be a pretty subject for extended inquiry. The most curious word in the section is Horace Walpole's coinage, *serendipity*, which, he says in a letter of 1754, he formed on the title of "The Three Princes of Serendip," from the faculty of the heroes for "making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things they were not in quest of." Besides Walpole's the only use of this word cited is from E. Solly's "Index Titles of Honor," 1880, where it is employed in Walpole's sense. But Miss E. B. Sherman devotes an entire essay to "Serendipity" in her "Words to the Wise" (1907), and argues that the sense should be extended to include the mysterious faculty of finding things for which one is seeking—finding them by "sublimination."

To the student of *Kulturgeschichte* the group of derivatives from *sentire* is of extraordinary interest, for it carries us into the heart of the ancient conflict between soul and body, Christian theology and naturalism, ethics and æsthetics. It does not startle us at all to-day to read "that *sensuous* pleasure is a possibility, is . . . a thing to give God thanks for" (E. R. Tennant, 1909). We recall Arnold's declaration (1880) that "Keats, as a poet, is abundantly and enchantingly *sensuous*." Five years earlier Lowell spoke approvingly of sensuousness, though with a nice distinction: "A poet is innocently *sensuous* when his mind permeates and illumines his senses; when they muddy the mind, he becomes sensual." In 1870 Emerson had said that "a poet, in verse or prose, must have a *sensuous* eye." We recall Rossetti's sonorous confession that he could not tell his lady's body from her soul. And if we looked no further than the literature of the nineteenth century, we might easily suppose that sensuous pleasure had, with certain reservations, always been in "good and regular standing." But we are halted abruptly in 1814 by a passage of Coleridge's in Farley's Bristol journal, to the effect that he had "reintroduced the word sensuous, used, among many other of our elder writers, by Milton." And the Oxford editor tells us further that "Coleridge seems to have been mistaken in saying that it occurs in 'many others of our elder writers.'" The only passages which he adduces before Coleridge are from Milton, and he remarks in a note that the word was "apparently invented by Milton, to avoid certain associations of the existing word *sensual*, and from him adopted by Coleridge; evidence of its use in the intervening period is wanting." We are a little skeptical. Though the "Oxford Dictionary" does not mention the fact, Johnson records the word in his edition of 1755, where it is defined as "Tender; pathetick; full of passion," and illustrated by a passage from Milton's treatise on education which ran through many editions in the eighteenth century. In this connection it may be added that Milton's use of the word has been widely advertised by Arnold's quotation at the beginning of his essay on Keats; and, secondly, that Arnold misquotes both the words and the sense of the passage. "Poetry," says Arnold, "according to Milton's famous saying, should be 'simple, sensuous, impassioned.'" Now the words occur in a discussion of the proper order of studies in a boy's curriculum. Milton does not in this magisterial fashion say that poetry *should* be "simple, sensuous, impassioned"; he merely suggests that as it is "*more* simple, sensuous, and passionate" than logic [or rhetoric?] it should probably precede logic [or rhetoric] in the course of studies.

Let us return to our senses. Without questioning whether a reader of higher serendipity might not put his finger upon Coleridge's "elder writers," let us ask what forces were whitewashing the black original depravity of the senses between Puritan Milton and Platonic Coleridge. The answer lies partly in the history of the word *sentiment*, and the inquiry leads us to the School of Taste. Six years after Milton's passage on education, Hobbes, in 1650, writes that "Sensuality consisteth in the Pleasure of the Senses" (Moral and Political Wks., ed. 1750, p. 23); but in another place (p. 15) he says that "there are two Sorts of Pleasure, whereof the one seemeth to affect the corporeal Organ of the Sense, and that I call *sensual*. . . . The other Sort of Delight is not particular to any Part of the Body, and is called Delight of the Mind." When stern theologians thundered against all pleasures of unredeemed flesh as carnality and indulgence of the senses, the disciples of Shaftsbury took refuge in that "Delight" of the mind which they asserted lies just midway between sensation and intellection. As John Gilbert Cooper put it, "that *internal Sense* we call Taste . . . seizes the Heart with Rapture long before the Senses, and Reason in Conjunction, can *prove* this beauty," etc. ("Letters Concerning Taste," 1755, p. 7.) At the close of his book Cooper gives a little fable of the birth of the nymph "Calocagathia," who "became as she grew up the chief Favorite both of Gods and Men." In the service of this nymph it became necessary to develop the peculiar eighteenth-century *sentiment* and *sensibility*; to compose endless poems on the pleasures of imagination, memory, hope, friendship; and, most important of all, to establish what the eighteenth century called the *sentimental* and we call the *æsthetic* morality. What, then, the elder writers call *sensual* pleasures the eighteenth century called pleasures of *sensibility*, and we call *sensuous* pleasures.

It is to be regretted that the eighteenth century uses of these words have not been more diligently and copiously collected. For example, Warton, "Essay on Pope," 1756-82, furnishes the first instance of *sensibility*, meaning "capacity for refined emotion; delicate sensitiveness of taste"; but opening the *Adventurer* almost at random, we come upon this under the date September 11, 1753: "The tenderness and elegance of which scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and *sensibility*." Furthermore, all the quotations under this word from eighteenth-century writers—Warton, Cowper, Sterne—use the word as if the thing were very desirable to possess, and Byron, 1807, is the first witness to speak of "sickly *sensibility*." As a matter of fact, the periodicals contemporary with Cowper and Sterne are full of the keenest criticism of sensibility, and the *Lounger* of August 6, 1785, anticipates Byron's epithet by twenty-two years: "Reason condemns every sort of weakness; but passion, enthusiasm, and *sickly sensibility* have dignified certain weaknesses with the name of amiable"; similar examples from the same periodical could be multiplied. The first dictionary example of *sentiment*, meaning "an epigrammatical expression," is from Sheridan's "School for Scandal," 1777; we find an example twenty-one years earlier in the *World*, December 23, 1756: "He concluded his harangue with a string of proverbs, mottoes, and *sentiments*." In the sense of "refined and tender emotion," the Dictionary quotes Cowper, 1784: "New-fangled *sentiment*, the boasted grace of those who never feel in the right place." Beside this it is interesting to set this from the *Lounger* of February 18, 1786: "*Sentiment* and feeling, however, had their day, but are now almost quite out of fashion." Under *sentimental* again the eighteenth-century examples cited are favorable, while in the *Mirror* of April 25, 1780, we find already an indictment of that "*sentimental* morality" which refers "our actions to the determination of feeling." The Dictionary's first instance of *sentimentalist* is 1793; we anticipate that by eight years with this from the *Lounger*, June 18, 1785: "In morals, as in religion, there are not wanting instances of refined *sentimentalists*, who are contented with talking of virtues which they never practice, who pay in words what they owe in actions; or, perhaps, what is fully as dangerous, who open their minds to impressions which never have any effect upon their conduct." The interesting paper in which this passage occurs is directed against the novel "of that species called the *Sentimental*." It closes with a declaration which has lost none of its point by the lapse of a century: "Of youth it is essential to preserve the imagination sound as well as pure, and not to allow them to forget, amid the intricacies of Sentiment, or the dreams of Sensibility, the truths of Reason, or the laws of Principle."

"A Colonial Governor in Maryland" (Longmans), by Lady Edgar, is a discursive treatment of colonial affairs in Maryland during the twenty years from 1753 to 1773, with Gov. Horatio Sharpe as the central figure. Those colonial Governors in the eighteenth century who seriously attempted to carry out their instructions to the letter generally resigned or were recalled after a few years. Governors were expected to enforce the colonial system if it could be done without raising a disturbance in the colony, but their first duty was to make the colony prosperous and contented, to the end above all that the English merchants should have no cause to complain of decreasing orders for English commodities. From this point of view Sharpe seems to have been successful enough, with the result that he remained in his post for sixteen years. Partly for this reason, the story which Lady Edgar has to tell is rather colorless. She has had access to the Sharpe correspondence, contemporary newspapers, and to "private sources," and the

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chief value of the book is in the letters and other contemporary material which she has printed. Indeed, her own task has been mainly to connect by fairly obvious comment a considerable amount of source material, some of which is already well known and easily accessible. One is inclined to think that students of colonial history would have been better served by an edition of Sharpe's correspondence simply. But the book is probably meant for the general reader rather than for the historian. At all events, it is admirably well adapted to those who like to dip, not too far, into the "sources"; who like to take their history leisurely, with wide margins, and seasoned with excellent illustrations of old colonial houses. It is a book which every Colonial Dame will possess as a matter of course, and one which the professed historian will find occasionally useful

"The Battleship" (Dutton), by Walter Wood, is the most recent word on a now world-engrossing topic. The book is handsomely got up and admirably illustrated. There are many photographs, besides artistic drawings in black and white and reproductions of charming water-colors by Frank H. Mason, R.B.A. The author traces the development of the battleship from the Great Harry, A. D. 1515, to the present day in popular and, at times, gossipy style. The chapters on Beef and Beer and Women in Battleships deal seriously with matters already somewhat familiar to the readers of Smollett and Marryat. It is with regret that attention is called to the statement that "the Americans certainly did not sanction the presence of loose women on board their men-of-war." A distinguished Admiral of our navy, now deceased, told the reviewer that almost the first duty assigned him as a midshipman in the early thirties of last century was to take ashore in a ship's cutter a number of these wretched creatures. He refused this duty, saying, to his credit, "He'd be blanked if he would." Admirals' and captains' families cruised on occasion in her Majesty's ships long after the date Mr. Wood gives for the abolition of this practice. The chapter At Sea and in Harbour brings a vanished past before us in a delightful way. Although Mr. Wood, as an Englishman, writes for Englishmen, there is no reason for his claiming as a Scotchman a graduate of the United States Naval Academy who fought on board the Chinese Chen Yuen in the war with Japan. "All new warships" are not "fitted with turbines." Some of our latest battleships have reciprocating engines. While the most recent ship is usually the most formidable, there are many who do not think with the author that pre-Dreadnoughts are useless, and who wish they could agree with him in believing "these monsters have reached finality in size." Sanity in design cannot be expected so long as bigness rather than carefully thought-out practical efficiency is sought. Avowedly prepared for the general public and not for the technical student, this book is well worth reading for its story of the growth of the battleship from the Henry Grace à Dieu to the Orion, last year's most formidable addition to the British fleet.

Anne Warner French, writer of novels, essays, and short stories, died last Saturday in the south of England, at the age of forty-three. Her writings include: "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," later dramatized, "Susan Clegg and Her Neighbor's Affairs," "Seeing France with Uncle John," "Seeing England with Uncle John," "An Original Gentleman," and "Your Children and Mine."

Science

THE GEOLOGY OF NEW ZEALAND.

SYDNEY, Australia, January 7.

New Zealand is the paradise of the geologist, as it is of the physiographer and the tourist. It has still active and dangerous volcanoes. It is constantly being shaken by earthquakes. It has regions of hydrothermal springs, geysers, and fumaroles. Its gorges are magnificent and appalling. Its mountain ranges are sublime. Its fiords rival those of western Norway. Its "far-flung hills" contain representatives of almost every possible variety of igneous and volcanic rock, and almost every known metal. Its stratigraphical formations present a series of unsolved problems. Its coast-lines illustrate every stage of topography, from youth to age. No other country of like dimensions has equal scientific attractions.

The first serious students of the subject were foreigners; as the Germans acknowledge with pride, they were Germans. Dr. Ernest Dieffenbach was employed by the famous New Zealand Company as its naturalist, and he made a beginning on the geology of the North Island. Ferdinand Hochstetter came out as the geologist of the Austrian Novara Expedition, and his work on the geology of New Zealand is still valued. He was accompanied in his geological tours by a German immigrant—"the jolly, joyous Haast," as he calls him—who was to settle in New Zealand, produce a classic on the geology of Canterbury province, become a professor there, and curator of the admirable museum. Even now the Germans are still enchained by the southern wonderland, and the most compendious treatise on its geology has been recently produced by Dr. Karl Winter, of Heidelberg.

The New Zealanders certainly cannot be accused of neglecting the subject. Their Geological Survey has minutely examined a great part of the two larger islands, and furnished ample data for theorizers. Professor Park's treatise was reviewed in these columns two years ago. Now his colleague, Professor Marshall, of the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition, has again gone over the whole ground, and included the chief results of recent research.*

The differences between the two authors and the various schools leap to the surface at the outset. Professor Park is sanguine, and holds that, in regard to the stratigraphical succession at least of the sedimentary formations, a general agreement has been virtually arrived at. That is not the impression the reader receives from Professor Marshall, who lays stress on the difficulty in discovering the age of the rock-formations. Most of the older rocks are wholly non-fossiliferous, and therefore lack the requisite determining characters. The difficulty is increased when, as is the case in New Zealand, the sedimentary formations have been subjected in a very high degree to metamorphism. Their original characters are thus destroyed; new ones are adopted; and these depend chiefly on the chemical composition of the rocks. The palæontological test is equally unsatistactory. Structures are lost, fossils disappear, and formations that were originally different get to resemble one another. Sometimes fossils lingered on and still lived when others of later development arrived. In a single formation fossils belonging to two different periods in Europe are found together in New Zealand. Lastly, the earth-movements that so greatly affected all the older rocks were peculiar to New Zealand, and divided the sediments into natural groups that were not the time-equivalents of parallel deposits in Europe. It is therefore not surprising that different observers have come to different conclusions on the order of the stratigraphical succession in New Zealand.

Professor Marshall's detailed argument must be sought for in Dr. Winter's German treatise, where it is elaborated at length, but his general conclusions can be stated in a few propositions: (1.) He condemns the attempts of Sir J. Hector and Capt. Hutton to correlate the successive New Zealand systems with the successive European systems; and here most geologists will doubtless agree with him. (2.) To all appearance, he would sweep away the whole of the Palæozoic formations, so far as they are believed to represent equal intervals of time or equal thicknesses of sediment with the parallel formations in Europe. (3.) On the contrary, they merely stand for rock-systems separated by apparent unconformities, and have no necessary relation, of either time or space, to the European systems. (4.) The stratified rocks of which the chief mountain-ranges in New Zealand consist were deposited throughout almost the whole of the Mesozoic age; and this is his main contention. (5.) Another great series of rock-formations was deposited during a general regional depression in the Tertiary or Kainozoic age. These propositions are right in the teeth of geological orthodoxy, and are likely to arouse keen opposition.

*Geology of New Zealand. By P. Marshall. Wellington, N. Z.: The Government Printer.

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Such is the distinctive feature of the argument, but the duel between the rival geologists extends through the volume. Does Professor Park, in an ingenious argument, describe the block-mountains, which New Zealand has in common with the United States and Germany, as owing their relative elevation to the subsidence of their basins, Professor Marshall explains them by elevation of the mountains. To Park, New Zealand is "the remnant of a submerged continent of great antiquity." To Marshall the ocean contours show clearly that it is "only the higher emergent crest of an extensive submarine ridge." Marshall steadily opposes the unconformities alleged by Park and his school, and he declares that his extensive observations have failed to reveal them. He offers a special explanation of their apparent existence. It is substantially the same as has already been given to account for the irregularities of the stratigraphical succession, and it is based on the peculiar palæontological evidence.

For once our rival geologists are in agreement. Bonney, Heim, and other distinguished glacialists deny that glacial action can create new topographical features. After prolonged examination of a district in New Zealand that exhibits profound traces of glaciation, Professor Park leans decidedly to the view of Sir A. Ramsay, while Professor Marshall is convinced that "the main features of the grand scenery of our lake and fiord region" have been thus produced. "The magnificent cliffs that hem in the valleys, the flat floors of the valleys themselves, the steps that are formed in these floors, and the lofty waterfalls that leap over the sides all appear to be necessary results of glacial erosion." J. C.

During the month D. Van Nostrand Co. will bring out "The Civil Engineers' Pocket-book," by Albert I. Frye.

"A Table for Two, Good Things to Eat," by Ella Eldene, and "Making the Farm Pay," by C. C. Bowsfield, are in preparation by Forbes & Co.

To their Garden Library series Doubleday, Page & Co. are adding "Modern Strawberry Growing," by Prof. Albert E. Wilkinson.

The following Cambridge books are announced by Putnams: "The Earth, its Shape, Size, Weight, and Spin," by J. H. Poynting; "The Atmosphere," by A. J. Berry; "Geometrical Drawing," with notes and examples by W. H. Blythe, and "Makers of British Botany," a collection of biographies by living botanists, edited by F. W. Oliver.

The military department of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for December describes, with an admirable map, the geographic and commercial relations of Servia with the Adriatic. There is also in it a sketch of Mongolia with relation to the Russian interests. Other articles are on southern Indo-China and German East Africa.

The last number of the *Deutsche Rundschau für Geographie* contains a description of the vilayet of Kossovo, lying on the Servian frontier, from a military point of view by Capt. G. Kuchinka. A valuable series of facts giving the statistics and geographical distribution of the world's sea-borne commerce is contributed by Prof. A. Oppel, of Bremen. Of the ten different tables one shows the dock capacity of 152 places.

We have to record the death, last week, of two British scientists, both noblemen. Walter Foster, created Baron Ilkeston in 1910, was born in 1840, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland. At one time he was professor of anatomy and afterward of medicine at Queen's College, of which he was emeritus professor when he died. He was best known to the general public because of his activity in Parliament, in which he was a member of the Liberal party. Among his works on medical subjects are "'Method and Medicine," "Political Powerlessness of the Medical Profession," and "Public Aspects of Medicine."

The Earl of Crawford, head of the ancient house of Lindsay, was born in 1847, and studied at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Later, when a member of Parliament, he was largely responsible for the stamping out of cholera with which England was threatened in the nineties. The British Medical Association awarded him its gold medal for his distinguished services. Heart disease was his specialty.

Drama and Music

THE THEATRICAL SITUATION.

It has long been matter of common knowledge that theatrical business generally is in a bad way. Whether or not a "panic" is imminent, it is not at all necessary to decide. Such an occurrence might not be without its alleviations for theatre-goers, as it would put an end, temporarily at all events, to much speculative production of an entirely worthless kind, and help to put the stage upon a sounder financial and artistic foundation. A survival of the fittest might reasonably be expected. But, whatever may happen, it will be well to remember that the existing conditions in the theatre are the result, not so much of external and fortuitous influences, as of a radically vicious system—a system that has choked artistic and fostered speculative competition—and that commercial crises are likely to be recurrent, more severe and more mischievous, until that system is broken up.

That New York has, for the moment, more theatres than are needed—more theatres, in fact, than there are plays to put into them—is an obvious fact. But that is a condition which will soon pass away. Old theatres will disappear or be devoted to different uses, and equilibrium will be restored. The really significant fact is the enormous development of the cheaper and less intrinsically worthy forms of entertainment at the cost of the higher. There never was a time when so much money was expended by the public on theatre-going as today. But the masses are drifting more and more towards the lightest forms of entertainment, to farces, to spectacle, to melodrama, to musical comedy, vaudeville, and especially to the moving-picture plays of various degrees. What is the reason of this? There can be only one. It must be that they find there more satisfactory entertainment of its particular kind than is to be found elsewhere. This is the root of the matter, and it is the logical result of the syndicate and long-run systems, which have kept the most capable writers out of the dramatic field and stopped the production of accomplished actors. It has now come to a pass where for superior plays and players we are dependent almost wholly upon foreign sources.

It is the ideal theatre, of course—meaning by that phrase any form of drama that makes its appeal to truth, beauty, or intelligence—that has suffered and is suffering the most. The list of good plays, of one kind and another, that have failed during the last ten years, simply on account of incompetent performance, would be a very long one. The old classics, both comic and tragic, have been laid aside, not because people will not go to see them, for people will and do whenever there is a chance—witness the successes of Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern—but simply because it is almost impossible now to collect a company to present them with decency. The same difficulty applies to the representation of any modern drama requiring, on the part of its interpreters, special faculties of emotional eloquence, distinctive style, or psychologic insight. Individual managers, it may be admitted, do the best they can with the material at their disposal. They themselves are the victims of the system which they created and which is now proving too strong for them. Being without plays or players of the first class, they are perforce compelled to make the best of what they have. But the best of second-rate drama, and of that there is still an abundance, will not in the long run hold its own against the lighter and cheaper shows which are good of their kind. There are many signs that the more serious theatre is falling into disfavor with the public on account of its frequent failure to live up to its pretensions.

That there are plays on the stage today which are meritorious in their degree, are fairly well presented, and provide good and wholesome entertainment, need not be denied. There are several which are of extraordinary merit. But their proportion to the great bulk of theatricals is exceedingly small, and were it not for the importations, even this would dwindle. The managerial

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problem is how to recover lost ground; how to attract new dramatists or start the old writers into new grooves, and how to refill the depleted ranks of trained players. England is showing them what the real stock company can do in the way of inspiring playwrights and giving form to their conceptions. Possibly they may yet learn to profit by that example before it is too late. A theatre upon the highest plane would court competition and defy panic.

Five plays are included in the volume of "New Comedies," by Augusta, Lady Gregory, to be brought out in the spring by Putnams. They are "The Bogie Men," "The Full Moon," "Coats," "Damer's Gold," and "McDonough's Wife."

Probably in no country, to such a degree as in France, have the stage and a woman's smile been so bound up with the deeds of distinguished men of all professions. This is what makes "My Autobiography," by Mme. Judith, the French actress, which has just been published by the Putnams, in an English translation by Mrs. Arthur Bell, decidedly more than a survey of her own art. The work is full of intimate sidelights on French history and literature from the revolution preceding the Second Empire to the foundation of the republic after the Franco-Prussian war. Mme. Judith's close acquaintances included her great rival Rachel, Prince Napoleon, Charles Blanc, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Alexandre Dumas, father and son, and a number of others almost as well known. Having a bent for the stage even as a child, she was soon placed in the dramatic school of Father Félix, parent of the famous Rachel. His methods were successful even if drastic. When the child could not put as much feeling into her lines as was desired, he would retort, "You can't, can't you! We'll see." "Then he would go and take down a cat-o'-nine-tails that hung on the wall, and give me some cruel cuts across the legs." And when the child, between sobs, repeated the lines, he rewarded her with "Come, that's better, you see you *can* put more feeling into it." Victor Hugo told Mme. Judith that considering his great powers of visualization, he ought to have been "a painter, or perhaps an engraver. I see nature in black and white. I should have liked, in fact I ought, to have been a second Rembrandt." His self-assurance was seldom guarded. When somebody at dinner quoted De Musset, he remarked, "Yes, he has immense talent. He boasts that there are some who consider him as good a poet as I am." At the end of the meal Hugo gave a strange exhibition:

He put a whole orange, rind and all, into his mouth, and then managed to thrust as many pieces of sugar as possible into his cheeks. This achieved, he began to scrunch it all up with his lips tightly closed. In the midst of this operation he swallowed down two liqueur glasses of Kirsch and a few minutes later opened his mouth wide. It was empty! No one made any attempt to imitate him.

As for the elder Dumas, Madame Judith cannot remember when she didn't know him. He was an institution in Paris, and, according to her, the most popular man in Europe. Such was his popularity that one could insult a stranger on the street without giving offence, merely by saying, "I beg your pardon, I took you for Alexandre Dumas, with whom I have an account to settle." Dumas could never think of himself, apparently, as being more than eighteen. Once the author saw him jump up on a post van and say to the driver, "I, too, am a man of letters." To which the driver responded, "That is quite true, Monsieur Dumas." He was known by all classes. Mme. Judith never saw him embarrassed but once. That was when a company of distant relatives of his arrived from San Domingo with Barnum's Circus, and descended upon his household. They promised to return the next day, but Dumas bribed the trainer of two bears to station the animals in the dining-room—with good effect. The retreat of the negroes was precipitate.

Miss Gertrude Kingston will soon resume the reins of management at her own London theatre. She will begin with the production of a light comedy by the Italian playwright, Baracco, which has been adapted for the English stage by Gilbert Cannan. The piece has been named "Three." The story is laid in Italy.

Haddon Chambers is at work upon his new piece, an adaptation of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's novel, "Tante." The principal feminine part will be played here by Ethel Barrymore.

The members of the London Play Actors' Society have chosen for their next production Björnsen's comedy, "A Gauntlet," translated by R. Farquharson Sharp. The performance will take place at the Court Theatre on February 16 and 17.

Arthur Chudleigh will soon produce in London a stage version, made by Cicely Hamilton, of Edgar Jepson's novel, "Lady Noggs."

A correspondent of the London *Times* furnishes an account of the Grasmere Dialect Play, which has now acquired the dignity of a long-established institution. He writes:

Despite the heavy snow, there was a large audience at the first night of the annual Grasmere village play. When, twenty years ago, Miss Charlotte Fletcher wrote the first dialect play she could hardly have foreseen the constantly increasing interest in this annual event. This year's play, entitled "A Will and a Way," is a repetition with some rewriting of one given in 1909. The interest lies in the simplicities of village life presented, in the quiet humor and refinement, and the various incidents which combine to give a vivid picture of life in the Dales.

According to A. B. Walkley, Dr. Vollmoeller's "Turandot," just produced in the St. James's Theatre, London, is much more Italian than Chinese, being in fact a close transcript of the old play of Carlo Gozzi, founded on a legend whose origin was Persian.

The *Manchester Playgoer* is published in the interests of the repertory theatres and the artistic and literary drama. In the first article, Gordon Craig—editor of the *Mask*, of which the new paper promises to be a lively rival—objects sharply to the opinion of John Palmer, expressed in the *Playgoer*, that the work of Professor Reinhardt is greatly superior to that of Mr. Craig and his followers. It appears that Mr. Craig regards Professor Reinhardt as being something in the nature of an apostate, who has abandoned sound artistic principles to achieve success by short cuts. He thinks that the standard of theatrical art is much higher than it was ten years ago, but that the credit for this must not go to Reinhardt or the Russian ballet, but to Leonardo, Blake, Flaubert, Whitman, Pater, Ruskin, Nietzsche, and their followers. Everything depends upon the point of view. George Calderon has an article upon the four walls of the stage, which affords a curious illustration of the tendency of younger theatrical writers to overlook qualities in the older standard writers which they hail as divine revelations in the works of modern exotic playwrights. But there is some sturdy common sense in Holbrook Jackson's remarks about improving the theatre.

"The Man Who Killed" is one of the latest sensations at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris. It is an adaptation from a novel of Claude Farrère, by M. Frondaie, and contains any number of thrills. The scene is laid in Constantinople. Sir Archibald Falkner, a British diplomat of the most cynical baseness, wishing to get rid of his wife, concocts a plan with an unprincipled secretary, Prince Cernuwitz, to entrap her. Lady Falkner is beloved by Col. de Sévigné, a gallant French soldier, who happens to climb up to the window of her room—for the first time—on the very evening for which the husband and Cernuwitz have set their trap. From a place of concealment he sees Cernuwitz make unwelcome love until Sir Archibald breaks in, loads her with reproaches, and forces her, under penalty of prompt exposure before her children, to sign a full and false confession. After Cernuwitz has departed, De Sévigné, issuing from his hiding place, and unseen by anybody, kills Sir Archibald with a dagger, recovers the confession, and carries it off. Soon afterward he receives a visit from Lady Falkner, in great agitation, to implore his protection for Cernuwitz, who, she declares, has earned her everlasting love and gratitude by killing her tyrant. De Sévigné is too much of a gentleman to disabuse her, and has promised to do his best for her lover when the Chief of Police, his most intimate friend, enters, followed by Cernuwitz. The latter swaggeringly proclaims that he is under suspicion, but the Chief denies this, saying that one of his spies had seen the murderer, a notorious scoundrel, enter and leave the room, had tracked him to his home, and arrested him. For this and many other capital crimes he would straightway be executed. Lady Falkner now undergoes another revulsion of feeling, as she realizes that De Sévigné was her deliverer, and, although she declares that hereafter she can have no place in his heart, the intimation is that they will come together in the near future.

Holt will publish this month "Opera Stories," by Filson Young.

"Charles Dickens and Music" is the title of a book that has just appeared in London. The author found references to more than a hundred songs in Dickens's novels, besides allusions to musical art, singers, and instruments.

Dr. Muck is rapidly recovering from the illness which prevented his going with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its annual Western trip the past week. At one of the next pair of concerts, which will be given

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in Carnegie Hall on February 20 and 22, he will introduce to New York a symphony by Lenvai, which is shortly to have its first performance in America at a Boston Symphony concert in Boston.

Massenet left all his manuscript opera scores to the library of the Paris Opéra. Mme. Massenet, who during the lifetime of the composer was guardian of these scores, has asked Antoine Banès, who is in charge of the library, to come and examine them. The collection consists of twenty-five scores, including "Ariane," "Esclarmonde," "Sapho," "Hérodiade," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," etc. All that is lacking of his dramatic work are two youthful operas, which are supposed to have been burned with the Opéra Comique in 1887.

It is reported that the principal number in Mascagni's new opera, "Parisina," is a duet which lasts twenty-five minutes. The score calls for a chorus of 280. The first performance is to be given at Milan.

No less than one-ninth of the compositions printed in the Bach editions are not by that master, according to Johannes Schreyer. Along with the Luke Passion Music, the authenticity of which has been questioned by other critics, he rejects the transcriptions of the Vivaldi violin concertos, nearly all the works in Volumes VIII and IX of the Peters organ edition, the piano concerto in D minor, the concertos for three pianos in C major and D minor, a large number of other piano pieces, and several cantatas. The grounds which he advances for these repudiations are of an exclusively technical character—defective fugal structure, mistakes in composition, such as conservative fifths and octaves, and so on. Schreyer's opinion is worthy of respectful consideration, for he is one of the best-known Bach scholars in Germany. He edited the organ compositions of that master and wrote a book, "Von Bach bis Wagner," in which he traces the evolution of harmony.

The Russian baritone Baklanoff, who was heard in America some years ago, and who has become a prime favorite with the Vienna public, has placed the opera house of that capital in a rather difficult dilemma. He is engaged there for a part of the season, and as member of the Imperial troupe is under contract to sing his various rôles in German. But after several unsuccessful attempts in this direction, he has declared that, although he speaks and writes the language with considerable fluency, he is unable to master it sufficiently to substitute it for the Italian, French, and Russian texts to which he is elsewhere accustomed. As he is one of the few artists at the Vienna opera house who attract the public on their own merits, the quandary presents itself of allowing him to cancel his contract or of breaking with the traditions of the house and allowing one of the members of the troupe to use a foreign language.

Eugen d'Albert, who, after a lapse of nearly ten years, has once more emerged as a pianist, and whose recitals in Germany and Austria have evoked much the same interest and enthusiasm that used to be bestowed on Rubinstein some thirty or forty years ago, has arranged a series of dances by Beethoven, "Ecossaises," which he has played to the evident delight of his audiences.

Art

Centaurs in Ancient Art, The Archaic Period. By Paul V. C. Baur. Berlin: Karl Curtius. $10 net.

The centaur, a creature half horse, half man, plays an important part in Greek art, especially during the archaic period. He occurs with great frequency not only on Greek vases, but on monuments of every description, showing that he had become a thoroughly familiar figure to the Greek artist. An exhaustive study of the subject was much needed, and Mr. Baur is to be congratulated on the contribution he has made to classical archæology by undertaking this difficult task and accomplishing it successfully.

Mr. Baur has arranged his material in three divisions, according to the three main types of centaurs—those with equine forelegs, those with human forelegs, and those with human forelegs ending in hoofs. Within these divisions he has classified the monuments on which centaurs occur, as far as possible chronologically and according to the locality from which they come. The whole is arranged in catalogue form with a detailed description of each scene, while a concluding chapter gives in concise form the main results of the author's investigations.

With the material at our command so clearly set forth, every student of centaurs, or rather every archæologist working on a subject bearing on centaurs, will henceforth have his task greatly facilitated. One of the important results of the book is that several erroneous theories regarding the development of the centaur type have now been conclusively disproved. Thus, it had become an almost universally accepted theory that the centaur was first represented with human forelegs, out of which type the equine-legged creatures developed, but Mr. Baur shows that the centaur with equine forelegs occurs in the Orient as early as 2000 B. C., while on the very earliest monuments of the geometric period both types occur side by side, sometimes on the same monument.

The question of the origin of the centaur is an interesting one. Mr. Baur comes to the conclusion that he is of Oriental origin where he was at first purely decorative or was supposed to have power to ward off evil; that he was introduced into Greece not before the geometric period, and that the legends and myths of the Greeks grew round the art type in an attempt to explain it. He also points out the somewhat remarkable fact that in the Minoan and Mycenæan periods not a single monument with the representation of a centaur is known, though almost every other fantastic combination of animal and man occurs.

In the actual make-up of the volume there are several points which could have been improved. First of all, the absence of an index is regrettable. The book is full of valuable information, scattered in the text, and constant comparisons are made with other monuments. It would certainly have increased the usefulness of the book if this information had been made more easily accessible. Perhaps a minor point is the fact that neither the consecutive numbers given to the monuments treated nor the occasional headings are made to stand out properly, which is a drawback for rapid consultation. The illustrations are good, but too few. In a work of this character it would have greatly helped the reader to have before him a copious number of pictures, even if for the sake of cheapness they had been somewhat inferior and only good for actual identification.

That "the 'kivers' of the mountain woman are to her what ancestral portraits and family silver are to the woman of the lowlands" has occasionally been shown at exhibitions of arts and crafts of the Berea College fireside industries. The full story of the American coverlet Eliza Calvert Hall (Mrs. E. C. Obenchain) tells in a "Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets" (Little, Brown). The story is alluring, as the author found when fairly engaged in her extensive researches. "A friend once sent me thirty photographs of coverlet designs. In a burst of enthusiasm over their beauty, I began to write this book." A commendably thorough quest of data followed. It concerned especially the itinerant weavers who, before Lancashire and New England products had penetrated the interior, used to go from family to family to weave the year's supply of clothing. Of their art, the double-woven "kivers" were the fine flower. The unique merit of Mrs. Obenchain's book is that it memorializes these heretofore unrecorded activities. "If I find an 'oldest inhabitant' in any old town," she writes, "I can always gather a few facts that bring me very near to the professional weaver." She has rescued from oblivion such an artist as the late Sam Gamble, Irish weaver, emigrant about 1830 to Glasgow, Ky. Gamble "regularly made the rounds, weaving cloth for the different families, and tarrying longest where the hospitality of John Barleycorn offered the best inducement." The peach brandy was especially fine at Alanson Trigg's house,

And here he would linger for months, plying his trade with the assistance of Aunt Rose, the "black Mammy," who spun the thread, filled the bobbins and threaded the sley. The woollen woof was made from the fleece of sheep that grazed on the neighboring hillside, and probably the cotton thread, too, was a home product. The music of Sam Gamble's shuttle delighted the whole family, for to the negroes it meant new clothes at Christmas time; to the mistress it meant fleecy blankets and gay coverlets, and all these were colored with dyes made from barks and roots of trees that grew around the Old Place.

The hand-weaving thus practiced in all

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the country west of the Alleghanies down to the Civil War has persisted in the mountains, where, as at Berea, an effort is here and there made to foster it. The "kivers" themselves, virtually eternal, for in the writer's words, "I find it hard to think of any lawful usage wearing out a double-woven coverlet," are now often treated ignominiously, instead of being preserved, as on artistic grounds they might be, in museums and private collections. "Those old blue and white coverlets!" says one. "Why, last summer, when I was at home, down in Georgia, the dog was sleeping on one under the back porch." "I had another one," observes another hostess. "It was red and green, but I did not know the value of it, and I sold it to a negro woman for a dollar, *and never got the dollar*." The magnitude of such tragedies as the foregoing is revealed by the author's very delightful colored illustrations.

Edouard-Bernard Debat-Ponsan, the French artist, died last week in Paris at the age of sixty-five. Although he had painted a number of portraits, among them one of Gen. Boulanger, he was known mainly for his pictures of religious subjects, many of which are in museums and cathedrals of France. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and a member of the Society of French Artists.

Finance

WHY WE ARE SENDING GOLD TO EUROPE.

When this country's agricultural production and industrial activity swelled to almost unprecedented magnitude last autumn—with our merchandise export trade breaking all records, and our surplus of exports over imports rising in November thirty million dollars above the highest previous figure for that month—it was very generally taken for granted that Europe would have to send us gold in quantity. Early predictions of the amount likely to come ranged from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000. The import movement, in fact, began, and about $10,000,000 came; then it was stopped abruptly, by the intimation that if our market were to continue to draw gold from London, the Bank of England's official discount rate would be raised to the abnormally high figure of 6 per cent. As a matter of fact, all European banks were guarding their gold reserves, in view of the very tight money market abroad and the possibilities of international collision, as an after-result of the Balkan War.

It was then inferred in many quarters that, once the special demands of the busy season on the money markets were terminated by the "year-end settlements" of December 31, such relaxation in foreign money rates would occur as to admit of resumption of the gold movement to America. Instead of this, New York has sent to Paris, since the beginning of the year, no less than $11,000,000 gold—more than we received from Europe in the autumn—and, in addition, has sent some $8,000,000 to South America, virtually for the account of London.

There have been various explanations proffered for this unexpected movement, coming as it did in the face of a continued heavy export trade in merchandise. Europe sold back to us, during the Balkan War disturbance, great blocks of the American securities which it had bought in the three preceding years, and those had to be paid for, whether in merchandise or gold. At a time when Austria was threatening Servia and European money markets were frowning on Vienna's appeals for credit, New York bankers had taken $25,000,000 short-term Austrian bonds, and the money thus lent had to be remitted. Both of these factors operated to push exchange against us and stimulate exports of gold. They would hardly have achieved that purpose, however, but for two other highly interesting facts in the financial situation.

The first is the international money market. Usually, the Wall Street lending rate is well above that of the European markets. In the last week of December, Wall Street's two-month discount rate, at 6 per cent., compared with 4¾ at London, 4⅛ at Paris, and 5¼ at Berlin. This week, the Wall Street rate for the similar period has gone below 3¾ per cent., comparing with 4 11-16 at London, 4 at Paris, and 4¾ at Berlin. Our rate is, in fact, at the moment virtually the lowest of any market in the world. That fact may not mean that the rest of the world will be hurrying to New York to borrow; but it unquestionably means that a good many temporary loans, placed by American borrowers abroad before December 31, are being paid off and transferred to the New York market.

But another and most unusual cause has contributed both to the high money rates abroad and to our export of gold to Europe. It is now universally recognized that the trouble with the European banks and with the European money markets runs largely back to the outright hoarding of cash by the common people, in enormous sums, through fear of war or of some undefined financial catastrophe that might come out of the threats of war. Recently published estimates by European experts name the extraordinarily high figures of $150,000,000 as the amount thus hoarded in Austria-Hungary, $65,000,000 in Germany, and $130,000,000 in France.

While guarding carefully their own gold reserves, and in some cases (as at Paris) refusing to pay gold over the counter, the Banks of France, of Germany, and of Austria-Hungary have, combined, increased their note circulation $225,000,000 over the circulation of this time last year. That increase was evidently necessitated, in large degree, by the hoarding of metallic currency. In no other year on record has there been so great an aggregate increase. Last year these banks, in their statements of the last week in January, showed total increase of only $71,500,000 over the same week in 1911. But such expansion in loans and liabilities needs new supplies of gold to support it, if not to provide for customers who may wish to get coin for ordinary uses—payment by banks in that form having lately, at Paris, been almost suspended.

For a population that is one and a half times as large as that of the United States, the hoarding of $345,000,000 in Austria-Hungary, Germany, and France has not exceeded by a very large margin the amount of money estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury to have been hoarded in the United States in the panic period of 1907. Mr. Cortelyou estimated, in his special report to the Senate, that $296,125,000 cash had been hoarded in this country during the last three months of 1907, and he calculated that $111,000,000 thus disappeared from sight in New York city alone. But there are marked differences between the present-day hoarding of Europe and that of the United States in 1907. In 1907, people in this country were first seized with doubt as to the solvency of all credit institutions; then they learned that the banks would not pay them currency over their counters; next, they heard of a "premium on currency." None of these conditions exists, except to a very limited degree in France; moreover, the curious contrast exists that our own people hoarded only paper money, whereas Europe is hoarding only coin. But our hoarders of 1907 never suspected governmental credit, and that is just what the hoarders of 1912 have vaguely feared.

In our own case, the hoarded cash of 1907 poured rapidly back into the market as soon as panic ceased; the banks resumed full payments to depositors, and the "currency premium" disappeared. Whether the European hoarders will be as prompt and businesslike when the Balkan trouble is finally adjusted is, perhaps, not entirely certain. But there will be a change.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Akin, Florence. Word Mastery. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 25 cents net.

Alden, Winthrop. The Lost Million. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

Allen-Brown, A. and D. The Violet Book. Colored illustrations by I. M. Johns. Lane. $1.50 net.

American Hymnal. Edited by W. J. Dawson. Century Co.

American Year-Book, 1912. D. Appleton.

Anderson, C. C. Fighting by Southern Federals. Neale. $2 net.

Andrews, C. M. Guide to the Materials for American History to 1783, in the Public Record Office of Great Britain. Vol I, The State Papers. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

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Bahâou' llâh. L'Epitre au Fils du Loup. Traduction Française par Hippolyte Dreyfus. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion.
Benedict, F. G., and Joslin, E. P. A Study of Metabolism in Severe Diabetes. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Benn, A. W. History of Modern Philosophy. (Science Series.) Putnam.
Benson, R. H. Come Rack! Come Rope! Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Bergson, Contribution to a Bibliography of (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. 25 cents net.
Bierce, Ambrose. Collected Works. Vol. XII. Neale Pub. Co.
Bosanquet, B. The Value and Destiny of the Individual. (Gifford Lectures.) Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Broun, Dr. William Leroy. Compiled by T. L. Broun. Neale Pub. Co. $2 net.
Buchanan, E. D., and R. E. Household Bacteriology. Macmillan. $2.25 net.
Burrell, D. J. The Gateway of Life. American Tract Society. 15 cents net.
Calderon, F. G. Latin America: Its Rise and Progress. Trans. by B. Miall. Scribner.
Chesterman, E. R. Things Mundane. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.
Clare, Frances. Wild Justice. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Clark, F. E. Old Homes of New Americans. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Clark, H. P. Royal Auction Bridge Up to Date. Dodd, Mead. 60 cents net.
Classics of International Law. Edited by J. B. Scott. De Jure et Officiis Bellicis et Disciplina Militari, Libri III, by B. Ayala. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Crockett, S. R. Patsy. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Cullum, Ridgwell. The Night-Riders. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Daviess, M. T. Andrew the Glad. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.
Dent, E. J. Mozart's Operas. London: Chatto & Windus.
Diver, Maud. The Hero of Herat. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Dixon, W. M. English Epic and Heroic Poetry. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Elson, W. H. Primary School Reader. Books 1 and 2. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Fabre, J. H. The Life of the Spider. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Gardner, E. G. Dante and the Mystics. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Grand, Sarah. Adnam's Orchard. D. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Grant, A. J. A History of Europe. Longmans, Green. $2.25.
Greene, S. P. McL. Everbreeze. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Griffith, F. C. Mrs. Fiske. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.
Griswold, Latta. Deering of Deal. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hankin, St. John. Dramatic Works. Introduction by John Drinkwater. 3 vols. Mitchell Kennerley. $8 net.
Hardy, Lileen. Diary of a Free Kindergarten. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
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International Studio. (Special Number.) Modern Etchings. Mezzotints and Dry-Points. Lane Co. $3 net.
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Kendall, Elizabeth. A Wayfarer in China. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Lancaster, H. C. Pierre du Ryer, Dramatist. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Marriott, Crittenden. Sally Castleton, Southerner. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Martin, F. R. Miniature Painting and Painters of Persia, India, and Turkey from the 8th to the 18th Century. 2 vols. (15x12 in.). London: Quaritch.
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Passow's Wörterbuch der griechischen Sprache. Neu bearbeitet von Wilhelm Crönert. 1 Lieferung. Lemcke & Buechner.
Pryce, Richard. Jezebel; the Burden of a Woman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net each.
Rycraft, W. P. The Infancy of Animals. Holt. $1.75 net.
Randall, E. O., and Ryan, D. J. History of Ohio. 5 vols. Century History Co.
Randle, L. R. My Mountain Tops. Neale Pub. Co. $1.
Rhodes, J. F. Lectures on the American Civil War. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
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University of Michigan, Publications of the Astronomical Observatory, Detroit. Vol. I, pages 1-72. Ann Arbor.
Van Gogh, Vincent. Letters of a Post-Impressionist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
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